

THE
First booke of the famous
Historye of PENARDO and LAISSA
other wayes callid the waïtes, of
LOVE and AMBITION.

*W*Herein is described Penardo his most admirable deeds of arms, his ambition of glorie his contempt of loue, with loyes mightie assaults & ammorous temptations: Laissas feareful inchantment his releif his traueells and lastly loyes admirabel force, in his relieving Penardo from ye fire,

Doone in Heroik verse, by
Patrik Gordon.



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To the most Honorable, and
most Accomplisht Earle GEORGE Earle
of ENYIE lorde *Gordon*, and *Badyenoth* &c. sone
& heire apparent to the most Illustrious Lorde *George*
Marquies of Huntlie.

Right Honorable, finding my selfe
inclosed in the labourinth of your
al-conquering merits, and despair
ing of al reliefe, necessitie encoura
ged me to goe forward, till the in
finite riches of your worth should
choak the pouerty of my neere famisht Wit with
abondance, while thus I thirsted for a fatall pe
riod to my longing desires, I found your Lo. in
comparable virtues, so seated on the throne of al
perfectiō, as your insatiable auarice was onely on
the Heauen-infused gifts of the minde. Wher
of since I could produce nothing for the release
of my bondage but this barren Inuention, soe
many be the rare & excellent Wits which exceed
in that kinde, as though I was assured that your
wonted courtesie wold pardon my rudenes, and
accept of my pouerty: Yet wold not this onely
deime

The Epistle

deime it too meane a present, for soe worthie a personage: But also such multitudes of men seim ing *Babouns* swarmeth euerye wheire now a daies being ignorant of any thing, and yet will needes be Wittie in jesting at eurie mans actions, so that the vprore of my confused thoughts cold not be appeased, but either by obtianing aide of the first or silence of the last, and as the silence is impossible, soe is the aide dishonorable; Wherefore I resolved, being imboldened by affection to offere this small streame of my Witt, to the boundlesse Ocean of your virtues, vnder the shield of whose most honorable patronage, this my firste borne shall aduenture to the view of the worlde armed with silence against the sensors of the Wise, and with patience againste all the carpinge malice or skoffing jests that theis Appish *Monkies* can vent from their too curious inuectiue and belabored brains. And because that all my endeouours are tied alreadye with the two-fould chaine of your L. Princely virtues and more then deserued courtesies, to which the extension of my natural duty cannot adde anie sufficient tribut for the interest which your Lo. hath in me: therefore being still in my former d'spaire I am forc'd (in such a worlde of bands) for euer to rest.

Your L. vn-redeemable seruant

Patrik Gordon.

To euerye freendly and Courteous Reader.



ENTLE, and courteous Reader, I doubt not but some their are, that wil not gentlye, but rashlie censure those my labours, Nether am I ignorant, how hard a thing it is to please euery one, Some their be that are courious, whom as it is impossible to pleas, so haue I geue ouer impossibilites, as one, whoes iudgement could neuer reach to the meanest of possible things: Some their be that are inuious, & those as I care lytle for their seid, so hunt I not muche for their fauor: Some also wil be rashe, in geueing their iudgement before they haue duely considered, to whoes temerarious, opinionne, as I geue lytle heed, so will I suffer them, to be whipt wih the their owne folyes: But you that ar iudicious discret, & courteous, eune you it is, whom I wold please & I confes I writ not of profound, and deip maters, fitting your iudgements, bot according to the shallownes of my braine, as ther is not much good to be reapt, so shall you not find much euill: Wherefore, my willingnes I hope, will satisfie a great parte of your contents, & supplie my defects. Looking alwayes (that altho I can not in the greatest measure satisfie your expectation) yit ye wil accept freindlie, of my goodwil, In respect, that vnto your charitable hands only, I comitt the censure of these my papers, as the vndoubted touche stone, wheron my trauels must be tryed: And how many so euer my errors be, which I doubt not, but the thrie afore named wil mak to many, yit to you I hope it shall suffice that I acknowledge my owne weaknes. But fearing to deceaue my self, with too muche presuming on your courtesye, I haue lest of in the
mids

The Epistel to the Reader.

mids of my labours, for that I was loath to paine my self with to muche trauell, till I wer better certefied, of your fauourable acceptance, (which while I heir of, I haue thought goode to stand at a point, and breath a whyle) as the only rewaird, I craue for al my trauels yit my counsel is, before you geue iudgement, that ye enter, and walk throw all my fielde, look on euery shade, searche throw euery corner, wheir amongst the pople, and tair, you may find some pure grane, And amongst the thornes and breirs, some roses, that may perhaps haue a pleasant smell: Vpon al aduentures, hoping that suche will be your censur, as my meaning is towards you, I bid you fairwel

Yours, as you merit.

P. C.

* iiii

The



THE AVTHOR to his Patrone.

Your Lordship when I call to mynd,
And your great fauors, whiche I fynd,
I plaine, I sighe, my tears down fall:
For this my strength, my witt, my skill,
Not equaleizing my good will,
No not my lyfe, my self, my all.

My self, my seruice, both is due,
Both bonde by duty, vnto yow,
My wealthe to meane, for to present yow
A present then, I shume to mak it,
Nor with your honor stands, to tak it,
Thus nought is myne, that could content yow.

Oft thus I pause, I think, I muse,
And thous and vther things I chuse,
Whereof their's no thing myne to geue,
Then geue I ouer my vane contentione,
And it yues in nought, but apprehensione,
So rests your dettore while I leue.

Zit to mak knowne that if I could
Faine would I do al that I should,
And oft alone on this I mus de:
At last presents vnto my vew,
This Knight, beir, cold and pale of hew,
That seem'd no danger had refus'de.

his Patrone.

His armour rousted, rent, and torne
Clift was his sheeld, his sword was worne,
A stranger in this countrey strainge
Nor aduentures might heir be found,
The warr-lyk Knights heir, till the ground,
And rights their wrong, with lawes reuenge,

Altho this Knight was borne a Prince
Zit none wou'd do him reuerence,
Whiche I lamented muche, bevailld:
And of his forewes took a pairt,
But lo his proud ambitious haire,
Calamiye had nere assaild.

This muche, his giddy braine furth bred
If he with armour once wer cled,
To searche aduenturs, hunt for fame:
Zit would he tary heir a whyle,
And pouise his fortune, throw this yle,
Perhaps to win a famous name.

I pitied much his poore estate,
His mightie mynd I could not hate,
No armour, no equippage fyne,
Hade I besaitting such a Knight,
Zit to my power, strength, and might
I vsde my moyane, my ingyne,

His

When

The Author to

When he was feated to my strength,
On Some he would depend at length,
Then come your honour to my mynd?
Whoes many fauors, I haide founde,
Me Nature, lyfe, and ductie bounde,
My thankfulness some way to finde.

Him then to you I first present,
To serue, to please and to contene
Beneth your wings let him be seine:
If he be not so rigged furthe
As apperteineth to his worthe,
Mynce is the fault, whoes wealth was mine.

His name *Pemardo* he me told,
A youth ambitious, hardy, bold,
His trauell, lyfe and deade hes beinge,
A warre, betuixt ambitione strong,
And craftie loue, that lested long,
Which be the sequel shal be seine.

P. G.

To the Right noble Lady Ladyc
Margret Countes of
Marshale.

Long haue I wishid my Muse, to sound thy prayse
The worthe, the fame, the due, to the belonge,
But she onlernd vn fit, for such a phrayse,
Denyit to doe, say, think, so heighe a songe:
Since on thy worthe, both heau ne, and earthe still gaize
She should but shame her self, and do the wronge
Better quod she be sobre silent, still,
And spair to speck, then speck, and speck but ill.

O but quod I, to speck her praise, her worthe,
Out of my faith, my trueth, my zeall my loue,
Faith, trueth, lone, zeall, and duetie, breaths it farthe
As shal my purre, cleir, simple meining proue:
Her nature myld, heighe place, and royall birthe,
Her witt, her worthe, her vertue, from aboue.
Has croun'd with garlants, of immortall glorye,
Then none can writt amisse, that writts her storye

Whill thus my barrene Muse, and I contend
Thy worth, wit, vertue, and thy geighe desairt,
Commands me write, and speck, and praise furthsend
To eurye countrey, province, place, and pairt,
But comeing to (what should I say) in end,
Then I stand, I pause, I think, in hait
Words does my witt, wit does my words confuse
Nou this, now that, a thousand things I chuse,

So infinite, thy endles graces be
 That what I would, I would, Zit can not doe
 Witt moketh witt, arte skorneth arte, in me
 And wealth, deludeth wealth I know not how
 When I should end, I but begine to sic,
 A world of worlds rair worthines, in yow,
 Then this I say, nor will I write no more,
 None is, shall be, nor was lyk the before.

To the richt Noble Lady,
 and full of all verteus Ladye A N N E
 Countesse of Enyie.

F^Er Madame. grac'd from hyest heau'ns above,
 With wealth of Fortune, Nature, beautye Loue,
 Lend not to frowning looks, thy gracious eye,
 For this bold pryde, and arrogance in me,
 That darr's breath furthe, or preis to pen thy praise
 Earths ornament, heaun's obiekt, beauties gaize.
 Nor *Maro* great, nor *Naso* sweet, am I,
 Nor haue I *Homers* mightie style, wheirby
 I might to eter aiges e're receiue,
 Thy fame, thy worthe, and mak thy glory leiuē,
 Zit wer it but t'awake the braver witts,
 Whoes lostie quill's thy sweitter praises fitt's,
 This much I say, nor vancely vaunt I nather,
 Thy wit, thy beautye, and thy vertue rather

Celestiall

To the Contes of Enzie.

Celestiall is, rair, excellent, deuyne,
 (In whom all woorthe, all grace, al goodnes shyne)
 Then humane. so heaun's croun's, adorn's thy bloode
 With Naturs wealth, grace ful, & fortunes goode
 Then lett the Poets on their Muses call,
 To fil their brains, their pen's, their papers all
 With ornament of methode, witt, and sense,
 That flowes from thy rair worth, rair excellence.
 In goldin shows, whiche fame on her faire winges,
 To curye natione, countrey, kingdome bringes,
 And strowes it heir, and their, in curye pairt,
 To beautifye speche, eloquence, and arte,
 If on poore me, some, drop's she would doune poure,
 I'll spend my pains, my witts, soules wasting power
 To pen thy praise, and thy braue Mates, whoes worthe
 Thow stryues to mach, as thow hes match'd his birth
 O wonderous stryfe, blis'd, happie, perfect, pure,
 Long may that waite myld, pleasant, sweet, indure.

P.G.

To



To the ryght worthe and verteous
 Lady D A M E G R I S E E L S T V A R T E
 Lady Meldrum.

M Adame, if I should smouther vp thy praise
 For most ingrate, thou iustlye might me blame
 All eyes should sic, all tongues to heau'ne should
 My staine, my blote, my neuer deing shame (raise
 In me, poore me, if ony vertue growes
 In the it leius, frome the it springs, it flowes.

For lo thyne was the seid, thyne was the tree,
 Goode reasone wer't that thine should be the gaine,
 In him the increase, the haru'st, the fruct must bee,
 Zit reapt thou to to lytle for thy paine
 But much it is, in such a barten soyle
 If thou receaue the seid, for al thy toyle.

And thought unhappie I, could nothing kno,
 Nor paine of thy great graces could haue gain'd
 Me by thy sweet example did thou sho,
 Of thy thryce happie lyfe, pure, cleir vnstam'd
 My ill my owne, if goode I haue in soir
 Thyne be the thanks, thyne be the prais, the gloir.

Eu'ne as the Eggle learn's her burds tho flie
 First low, then mean than, heigher still to ryis
 Till far aboue al vther fouls they be
 With loftie soaring wings in asure skyis,
 On *Phæbus* than, their eyes she maks yame set.
 Nor his bright birning beam's yair sight mey let.

So

To the Lady Meldrum

So Eggle lyk thou taught me as thy chylde
 To mount to vertue, wisdom, grace deuyn
 But I thy precept's wys, sweet, easie, myld
 Could not conceaue, so grosse was my ingyne
 Whill *Phæbus* lyke, vpon my face thou stream'st
 Thy vertues rayes, & wisdomes goldin beam's.

And thus thou proues my loftie Eggle fair,
 But I, poore I, I had no wings to flie,
 My *Phæbus* als thou shynes with vertues rair,
 Zit Eggle lyke, I daris not looke on the,
 Then Quene of fowles, & light of ster's aboue
 My Eggle, and my *Phæbus* bothe still proue.

And what I haue, eu'ne yat should thou receaue,
 As propre thyne, and only due to the,
 Myne be the fault, the wrong, the ill I haue
 Thyne be the goode, if onie good their be
 If none, as muche me fears, their's none but ill
 Zit for thy pain's, I'll praise, the, serue ye, still.

P.G.

Come



To the Author.

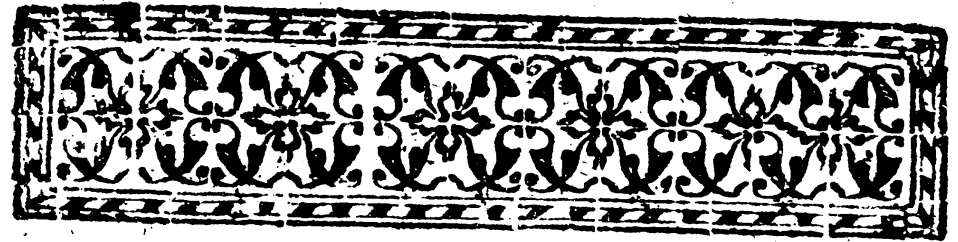
Sonnet.



Come forth *Laisa* spread thy lockes of
Gold,
Show thy cheekes roses in their virgine
Prime
And though no games the decks which
Indies hold,
Yield not vnto the fairest of thy tyme
No ceruse brought farre, farre beyond the seas
Noe poison lyke Cinabre Paints thy face
Let them haue that whose natiue hues displeas
Thow graceth nakednesse it doth the grace
Thy Syre no pyck purse is of others witt
Thoise Jewellis be his oune which the adorne
And though thou after greater ones be borne
Thow mayst be bold eu'en midst the first to sit
For whilst fair Iulieta or the farie quene
Doe liue with theirs thy beautie shall be seene.

M. William Drummond.

To



To the Authour.



Altho my shallowe witte sound's nott thy deep,
And weakling ey's followes not thy flight:
Tho wher thou run's, I can not thether creepe,
Nor chyldishe weaknes imitat thy might
Since in this sacred trade I made a pause,
By inter mitting of my *Elis's* lawes.

Yie since I haue most wonderouslie detected
A swane whoes Syren-musique me enchant's
Yit since I find eune wheir I least suspected
A lurking poet in our home-bred haunt's
O when I sie him, when I sweetlie hear him,
I can not but commend him and admire him.

Thy years (dear frend) ar young, thy wit is old,
Thy youth er chyld tyme come is brought a bed,
Thy mine in lieu of ore, yeilds purest gold
Thy basest rob's with crimsone ouerclade
How glade am I thoes mythologique flowrs
Argue the reconnings of thine Idle hours.

M. Robert Gordone.



To the Authour.

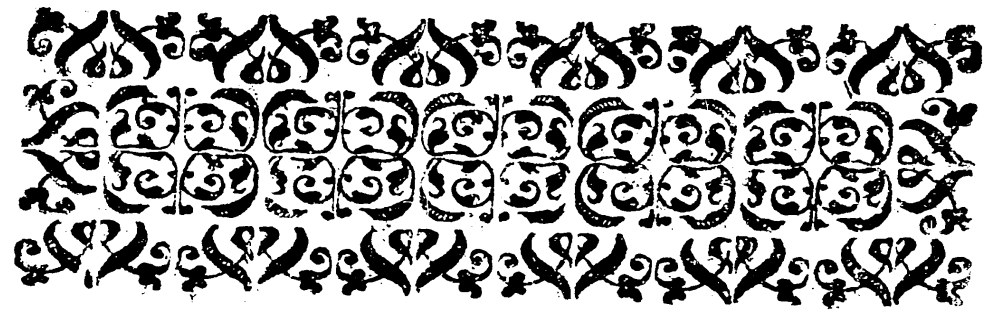
Lissa's bathing in the sacred well
 With charming beutie wounds the chastest haire.
Penardos valour into *Plusos* cell
 To basest mynd's dois honour's worth impaint
 And moues the Coward to desire the fight:
 And chastest recluse search for beuteis sight.

The fei full outhrow of thy *Sigismund*
 For *Vsurparioun*: pryde, and priuatt gaine
 Show's how the lord the losaie will confound,
 And in extreame's the humbled soule sustaine
 For tyrann's proud, loe heir a curbbing bites
 For humbled miſers, heir-s a comfort fitt.

Those sacred lights proceeding forth from the
 In *Natours* succines staning straned airt
 Maks vs the treasure of thy mynd to sic
 The riches rair wheir with thowe furnish'd art:
 For beutie, Valour, right and hellishe vronge.
 As prais'd reprov'd, and painted in thy songe.

Dear freind with loue whill I admire thy lyn's
 Thy braue inuentione clam's a fresh respect:
 Thy gracefull method in them both so shyn's
 That I am doubtfull whither to direct
 My freindlie cy's, or well affected hart.
 To playe the lizards, or the pensine part.

Ihone. Wrey.

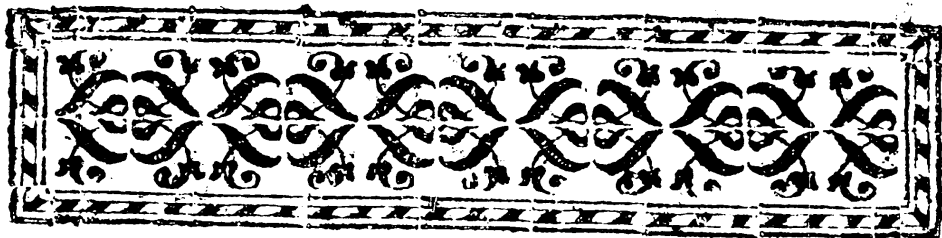


To the Authour.



He Enthusiasme, or fume of thy spreit, (vynes
 A grace both great, & dignlie deim'd di-
 So fluentlie, into thy front does fteit, (thyne
 Whill all the world admeirs both the and
 Each word has weght, and full of lyfe each
 Quick thy conceapt Emphaticall thy phraise,
 Thy number's iust, judicious thy ingyne,
 O thou the new adorne of our dayes.
 Whoes pen or pinsell shall depaint thy praise
 Since *Mare* nought, nor the *Meonian* muse
 Be with their learned nor their liuely layes
 Into this wondrous worthe work to vse.
 Then tak this task, & tune thy trump vnto it:
 For so lie thou art destinatt to doe it.

Alexander Garayne.



To the Authour.

D Emercits *Mars* from proud *Mars* his throne
A freindlie look, or yit a thankfull sho?
Deserueth *Naso* from young *Venus* sone
A cheirfull smyll? (if they can haue no mo)
Yes faith: I pray then what should be thy
Who maks all men thir monarch gods admyre. (hyre?)

Has not thy Pen proclaim'd att lairge to all,
Sterne *Mars* his soldier great *Penardo* strong?
Has not thy layes learn'd how *Laisa's* thrall
To craftie loues allurments too too long?
Then both the warreours, & the wanton's theame
Should spare no pains, to eternize thy name,

William. To d.



THE FIRST BOOKE, OF the Famous Historie, of *PENARDO* and *LAISSA*.

Caput. I.

Argument.

A Visione moues *Achaia's* King,
His daughter to haue slaine,
The Muses find her, and preserve
Her lyfe with care, and paine,
In whom such wondrous vertue grew,
Such beantie bright, and fair,
That those whoe saw'd her lyfe, now sought
Her woe, her wrack, her care,

I.



Mglorius Greece there lies a fertile land,
Of antient time *Achasa* cald by name
Within whose blessed borders brauelie stand
Parnassus mont, so much renown of fame.
Where *Aganippes* siluer streames doe spring
About the which Ioues brain-bred daughters sing.
Sending

THE HISTORYE

2.

Sending from thence that which in flamm's the brain
Of brauest Spreitts, and beautifies the mynd
With endles rare inventions, which obtain
The name of wondre, to the humane kynd
Who in their works of learned witt's diuine
Make Learnings light, in blacke darknes shyne.

3.

Eune heir, and in this natione most renoun'd,
The famous *Phedro* sumtyme rul'd, as King,
By iust descent, and regall title croun'd
And first in peace enioyd a happie regne,
At last his starrs which bad coniunctions borrow
Did turne his sweets in sowrs, his mirth in sorrow.

4.

For when the winds in hollow caves containd,
Leaue off their sharpest cold, and bitter blast,
To slay the tender herbs, when they refraind
The talest *Cedars* torment then was past
Then was it not, as when they raige at will
Vnder the horns of the lasciuious bull,

5.

Eune when the Earthe spreads furth her mantle grein,
On which the wanton Flora spreads her treasure,
While tyme that waitt's one *Phœbus* goldin eyne
Giues lyuely colours, for the Goddesse pleasure,
The hills, the daills, the plain's, at passing faire (Aer.
Through heat, through moyst, though suetnes of the

The

OF PENARDO and LAISSA.

6.

The tries bud furthe before their fructe the flourish
The herbs before their seid, the blossom'd floure
The corn's, and grane, their leaue stalks do nourish
The winding vynes their pregnant graips yet four
When as the goldin chariot of the Sune
Twixt day, and night, an equall course doeth rune.

7.

Wherefore eache creature bles'd with equall light,
Saluts the princelye spring, with pleasant noys
The restles roling heaun, with shyning bright
Smyls on the earthe (his loue who does reioys
Of such a Mate; and with her mantle grein
Was deck't, wheir riche embrodries might be seene.

8.

In this delicious pleasant tyme of yeir
Which bringes to farmers hope of great increas
When *Phœbus* gan down in the west appeir
In Theris lap to coole his fyrie face,
And shadowes dark of glomic night oppress
All creatur's, with silence, sleip, and rest.

9.

King *Phedro* wrapt in heauie sleip, did ly
Free from all trauell, care, all paine, and toyle,
Yet so oppress'd in his fantasy
That rest from rest, and ease from ease, did spoyle
His spreitt's, his senses, faculties, and sent
A vision that his braine did much torment.

A ij

And

THE HISTORIE

10.

And thus it was, he thought him self did stand
On *Helicon* and vewd a fearfull fire
That brightlie burnt ore all *Achaia* land
Which did vndoe burne: waest his whole empyre
And theirwithall it seemd a voyce did say.
This night has brought thy kingdome her decay.

11.

This fyre he thought did from him self proccid,
And to him self againe it did returne
The diadem from of his princelie head
This fearfulli flamme in melting drops did burne.
And when brunt, spent, consumed it had bein
No mark no nor no flame was to be seyn.

12.

Erne as a clothe in aquauitæ dyd
Or in sum strong and mightie burning oyle
It kendlid by sum fyre it is espyd
To flamm, to shyne to blase, to burne, to boyle,
The liquor spent, the cloth retem: no flaine,
Nor spot, nor blot, nor burning does remaine.

13.

When as the King awakes frome drousie sleip
This woundrous vision did torment his mynd
And all his senses from there fauction keip,
His thoughts in vprore now no rest do fynd
But when he rangd them had a thousand wayes,
One path he finds in which them all he staves.

For

OF PENARDO and LAISSA

14.

For loe eu'ne then his *Queene* was brought to bed
Of a fair daughter lyke the morning starr.
Nor *Phæbus* light in glomic darknes spred
Might marche with her, she staid that beautie farr,
But tho she was most admirable fair,
Her lyfe as strange was as her beautie rare.

15.

For finding by his curious searching out
Evne at her birth this vision to enswre
He thought she was the flamme (if not put out)
That should his crowne and kingdome thus subdue
Vheirfore resolut for to preuent mischeif
Her death must be the way to his reliefe.

16.

The dolfull message of this wofull charge
He to a Groome whom he most trusted gaue
A youth whoes faith he oft had tryd at large
Him he commands the infant to releaue
And to transport her to a woode or montaine
And droune her in sum river, spring, or fontaine.

17.

O crewell sentence barbarous decree!
O happie chylde! but oh unhappie Father!
That for a dreame, a tove, a fantasie
A vaine Chimera or hell vision rather
Wold spoyle so sweet a creature of breath
And kill thy self to saue thy self from death.

A iiij

In

THE HISTORYE

18.

In *Acheron* blak *Night* her selfe did wrapp
And heau'd her head, aboue the Easterne streame
But *Titan* dyed in *Thetis* wat'rie lapp
While yow might see him blushing reid for shame,
Thence to be chas'd with his feare for vnkynd
That braith'd furth darknes to the farthest Ind.

19.

In darkest shaddowes of the glomie night
This Messinger furth throw the desert goes
The harmeles Infante harmefull death to dight
That her poore lyfe now got, she now might lose,
So suckling lambs by rauening wolfs are torne
And dones by Egges to their deaths furth borne.

20.

This Messinger *Kalandar* heght to name
Whoes Syre the greatest Prince bereth the croune
Boor rewell o'ur *Sparta* land of antient fame
His witt and valour wan him much renoune
Whoes Sone of these tuo yetewes wanted nether
But shewd him self the Sone, of such a Father

21.

Who going straight vnto this crewell act
And moud with pite of the infants age
Whoes youth to young, for deathes procuring fact
And Innocent of Fathers wrathfull rage,
Yet fearing if he does prolong her breath
He should procure him self a shamefull death

OF PENARDO and LAISSA.

22.

To *Helicons* fair mont he tak's his flighe
Praying the bloude of this poore Innocent
Vpon the Fathers head might alwayes light
That in disgrace and shame he might repent
For doating dreams if this poore Infant die
His be the fault, the losse, the infamic,

23.

Thus praying he approach'd vnto the place
Hypocrene downe wheir the Muses sport
Vewing the beautie of this Angels face
Againe it moud his pitie in such sort
He nought regards the King, nor lyfe, not all,
But saves the babe from ruine, death, and fall.

24.

Leauing her saile by the fontane syde
Vnder the vmbage of a losie *Pyne*
Wishing her frowning Fates for to proude
Her beautie once into the world might shyne
Thus he returns, and thus the King beguyl'd,
And craftily, with sugcred words him sild.

25.

When golden-hair'd *Apelle* furth did glance,
His amber loks furth throwes irradiant beams
And one the easterne waues begins to daunce
To murring musick of the roaring streams
The Muses for to welcome home their Syre
From couthe and secreit Cell did furth retayre

A. iiii

Their

Their daylie morning progres is to view
 The sacred streams of Aganippe well
 whoes murmur like sweet lullabies furthdrew
 Old *Morpheus* from out his quiet cell
 Who had the babe with slumbring sleip bereft
 whom young *Kalander* at the fontane left.

27.

These sacred Virgins when they did espye
 The babe; sad fear made all their beautie fade
 Fearing discouerie by sum wantone eye
 But viewing well the beautie of the Mayde
 They vewd admiring, and admird the sight
 Their sight bred wonder, wonder bred delight.

28.

Such beautie rare till then they nere had seie
 But feard it was sum stolne virginie
 Wheir With theme selfs so spotie pure and clein
 They wold not thus defyle in infamie
 But instruments the Fates did them ordaine
 Of pleasure, lyfe perplexitie, and paine.

29.

For pitie them forbad of creueltie
 Vnto this harmeles helples innocent
 Wherefor with graue aduise and modestie
 The Muses all in vniforme consent
 Brings vp the babe, with care full obseruation?
 In vertue, grace, and heaunly meditations.

The

The sacred Muses that in vertue shone,
 As if they well had knowne the Fates decreit
 Vnto the infant wold a name impone
 A name conforme, and to her meritts meit
 So that a correspondence might be knowne
 Betuixt her name, and her hid Fate vnshowne.

31.

And dyueing then with drops diuine her heid
 Fair *Lissa* or *Laiissa* thay her cald
 A proppre name for her mishaps indeid
 Who subiect was to daungers manyfold
 For *Lissa* is as muche to say as rage
 Vheirin no force her furie could asswage.

32.

When with the Muses she remaind weell neir
 while she did rune of fyifteine yeares the race
 Eune for the loue which they to her did beir
 Each one of them indued her with a grace
 But lo these gifts made her enuyd of all
 Thus loue brought gifts, gifts hate, and hate her fall,

33.

Yea to the fair *Laiissa* in her birth
 The heauns wer all affect'd so feruentlye
 Looking with myld aspect vpon the earth
 In th'horoscope of her natiuitye
 That all the gift of grace, and goode perfection
 They pou'd on her most beautifull complexion.

Her

THE HISTORIE

34.

Her face was lyke the sky bothe cleire and fair
Her cheeks as whyt with vermeil red did shew
Lyke roses in a bed of lillies rare
Whill they ambrosiall odours from them throw
Feiding the gaizers sensewith double pleasure
Such force his beauties all-celestiall treasure,

35.

In whoes bright eyes tuo lyuelic lamps did flame
That dairted beam's lyik lightning blasts of thunder
Cupid tho blind still ayming at the same
Thou sands of shafts he sende but with great wounder
She breks his wantone dairts with awfull yre
And with dreid maiestie she quensh'd his fyre

36.

The *Graces* one her ey-lid's seem'd to sitt
Vnder the shadow of her bending browes
Her goldin treasures couriouslye was knitt
With *Pelicans* of pearle, and siluer doues
These hair lyke goldin weir one curye paire,
Seid as a nett for the beholders hart.

37.

Her yuorie forehead was a table fair
Wher Loues triumphs were cunninglie ingraph't
All goodnes, honor, dignitie was their
In vertues treasure litle had she left.
She was the mirrour of celestiall grace
That can not be outrune with tyras swift pace.

And

OF PENARDO and LAISSA,

38.

And yow might sie that alwayes when sho spak
Sweet words lyik dropping hony she wold shed
Tuo rainge of pearle with rubies tuo wold brak
The words betwix them softlye whill they fled
Which made sweet siluer sound's whoes noy sent furth
Wold deadlie sadnes moue to amarus mirth,

39.

And yet her humble and submissiue mind
Was neuer moud with hellishe pryde to rise
But why should I, poore I, descrybe her kind
Which to expres no mortall can deuise
Nor can I preis to paint furthe such a feature
Least skillies I should wrong so fair a creature.

40.

Fair Imps of beautie whoes bright shining cyes
Adorn the solid Earth with heaunlie light
Ou'r your great conquest do not tyraneize
Though yow subdue all by your seeulie sight
But with *Laißaes* meiknes be content
And grace your beautie with that ornament,

41.

To your fair selfs her fairnes fitt apply
Her courtellie her meik and humble mind
Tempred with grace and goodly modesty
It seemd those vertues tuo did strue to find
The high est place and stryueig but for dewtie
Each uthers helps and but augments her bewtie.

While

THE HISTORIE

42.

While as the Muses see her vertues rare
Her beau tie wisdom modestie and all
Surmounting them so farr that euriwhere
They feard her fame should once procure their fall
Wherefore they seike with witt, craft, slight & wrath,
Her infamie, her woe, her wrak, her death,

43.

And waiting still occasione when they may
Find out a fault vnto her faultles mynd
That with the sharpest sentence of decay
Sum punishment they fittie might outfynd
Thus they decreid her death, conspyrd her fall
Fauord by, tyme, fate, fortune heau'ns, and all,

44.

It chanc'd the Muses once vpon a day
Were in an abor neir vnto the fontane
While as *Laissa* at her sport and play
Was gone a hunting through the rockie montane
For *Phæbe*-lyke it did delight her mynd
To chase, to kill, to wound, the hart, the hynd

45.

Alone now comming wearie frome the chace
And traueling in heat of all the day
Had sought to bath her in that pleasant place
And with enamourd streams a while to play
While as the Muses wait, they lye, they lurk
Their wrath, their will, their vengeance for to woork,

The

OF PENARDO and LAISSA

46.

The streams not deip, nor shallow which did glyd
With prettie whispring noyes to calme and cleir
Ther of the moueing skai she could be spyd
And yit a heaunly murmur you might heare
The *Pebles* seim'd to leap, to swimme, to daunce,
While as the streams did tremble, moue, and glance.

47.

The *Pynes*, and *Poplars* bowed theme selfs from hie
From heat and cold that shaddowed all the streame
She dip'd her daintie legs vp to the knie
That lyke two snow-white marble Pillers seame
So polishd *Porphyre* deckd with purest gold
Doth temples tombes and trophees faire vphold,

48.

And being now entysed by the cold
She taks her bow and quever frome her syds
Hung in a lace of purple silk and gold
That ouerthwart her snow-whit breist diuyds
Two azur streams of *Nectar*-feeding fontanas,
Springing to tops of *Alabastre* montanas.

49.

And haueing hung her garments on a *Pyne*
O who had sein so fair a silkin skinc!
So daintie well proportion'd, pure, and fyne,
So beautifull, so Quaint, so cleir, so thine
The thrise thrise *Nymphs* whome wrath haid now de-
To woik her wrak could skarslie be entys'd. (uys'd.
Now

THE HISTORIE

50.

Now beauties shopp, vne los'd begins to be
And shewes her store of treasure to the sight
Their all the pleasures that do please the eye
And all was their that doeth the tutch delight
The *Graces* had their clothes about her drawn
To keip the mayd vnfelt, vnscin, vnknown.

51.

Their thoughts contentment, their was harts delight
Their bankets for vnstatat appetite
Their wisdom Conquerour whoes only sight
The *Tygers* tams and *Lions* feare does smit
The key of all this wealth keip't *Chastitie*
Whoes ornament was shamefast modestie.

52.

While this fair Iemme vpon the water lyes
With cooling streams she makes a dalleying sport
With leges and armes a thousand tricks she tries
Toying with swimming in a seemlie sort
As *Dolphins* doe vpon a sunnye day
On *Thetis* glistering back whilst they wold play.

53.

The *Muses* that no longer could abyde
Out from their priue arboir ishe w'd all
How soone this Paragon has them espyde
She smiles and sporting thus to thame does call
Yow *Thespiane* dams go seek some other streame
And come not neir this sacred fount for shame.

But

OF PENARDO and LAISSA.

54.

But thay (whill rage within thair brests did fuall)
Not virgine-lyke but bearing *Tygers* harts
Menassing her aloud they gan to call
We see thou thinks to much of thy defarts
Fouli Fondling does thou think thy beautie such
That thou dclerus our sacred streams to touch.

55.

No, no, these Streams ar only due for vs
The dreided Imps of proud *Apollos* light
For since the foote of flying *Pegasus*
Medusæes birth begot by *Neptuns* might
Let soule the rains of this sole sacred fontane
None els but we presum'd to reache this montane.

56.

Of fauors we haue shoven thee great and many
And brought thee vp with cairfull paine and charge
Our presents not till now was granted any
And we indowd thee with our graces large
We that before wer sacred *Muses* nyne
Made thee a tenth though mortall not-deuyne

57.

And then they fled, this Lady for her cryme
Whom they so dasht that she as half amas'd
Sitts by the fontaine naked all the tyme
When loe her thoughts a rose vermiliane rais'd
Now red now pale, her colour chang'd oft
She sigh'd, she grond, she quak'd, & stand aloft.

While

While as the syluer stream that softly flyds
With silent noyes and sweetest murmur sounds
Such heau'nly musick throw the meadowes glyds,
While rocks with rare reports there noyes rebounds
That with ther *Diapason* so bereft her
All naked and a sleip they still had left her.

Then *Morpheus* spred furth his sable wings
The virgine fair infolding in his armes
Rest, quyet, ease, and sweet repose he brings
Dischainging care; greif, sorow, woes, and harmes
Yet through soft sobs, deip sighs, sore grones, salt tears,
Woe, anger, care, greif, sorow, paine, appears.

While as the *Nymphs* with angre, wrath and yre
Her name her fame, her glorie ouer waylling
Did sink her shipe (to honor that aspyre)
In teares of sweetest virgine pleasurs sayling
Extending all their malice craft, and slight,
To wrape her Sune in clouds of darcest night,



Caput. II.

Argument,

THe *Muses* send *Melpomine*
Doun to the lowest *Hell's*
She meets with *Night* and asks the way
Which she vnto her tells
To *Plutoes* kingdome when she cam
She past by all the pains
At last out of her dreidfull *Den*
Alecto she constrains

1.

Her is nothing beneth the sky in searte (sion
More moues my mynd to pitie & compas
Then for to see a true and vpright hearte
Wher faith & truth has built hir only stacion
By *Fortunes* snar's and *Enuyes* craftie baits
Dispy's d, disdain'd disgrac'd with false deceits.

2.

And whither it be kyndest pitie loe
Or ductie (which I ow all woman kynd)
I know not, but my hart doeth burst for woe
When harme vnto ther harmeles sexe I find
And my poore eyes Whil as I writting lay
With tears did seeme to washe the lyn's away.

THE HISTORIE

3.

Fair women should be lou'd and not envy'd
Whose substance is so daintie pure and fyne
In *Natures* triple fornaice being try'd
Till all the drosse be thence remoud, and fyne
That Essence pure most Angel-lyk retains
No staine, nor blot, but alwayes cleir remains.

4.

But this poore *Lissa* beautifull and fair
(Which beautie *God* did geue her as a grace)
Was by deceit thowne doune in endles care
By *Envi* Slaine that monstre merciles
And fur I thinke whome *God* has grac'd with beawtie
For them he cares, to them we ought a dewtie

5.

For when he made this great and woundrous frame
Of *Chaos* masse that shaples lay confus'd
He rookè the purest substance of the same
And that which was most beautifull he chus'd
And theirow did he make the Angelis bright
To glorifie his name, and show his might.

6.

He made the purest substance which remain'd
Vnto his blisfed self a Mansionaire
Syne thrice thee *Orbs*, whairow the eight contain'd
Bright shyning starr's, and seu'n the *Planets* fair
Next plac'd the *Fyre*, because n beautie next,
Syne *Aer*, then *Water*, last the *Earthe* he fixe,

Earth

OF PENARDO and LAISSA

7.

Earthe then we see the drosse of all things yie
Which this great *Architector* singling furth
By his great migt and all for seing witt
Is lowest plac'd according to her worth
But that which was most beautifull and pure
Eu ne next vnto him self he plac'd sure.

8.

And then that *Alcreator* did ordaine
Eache thing according to their substance pure
To bring furthe fruit this all to intertane
Which by his powre he caused to indure
Nor tyme, nor age, nor restles moueing, may
Destroy confound, or weir, or make decay.

9.

First then the Heav'ns (as hausing most of beawtie
Brought furthe the starr's, the Moone, the Suns great light
And aer (commanded next to do his dewtie)
Brought furthe all sorts of fouls with feathered flight
Water brought furth all sort of fishe anone
The *Earthe* brought furthe all beasts that leue their one

10.

As heauns are of the fynest substance lo
So are the starr's most beautifull most cleir
But cheiflye *Planets* seuin therein doeth show
Gods pow'r full might (werin doeth well appeir)
He geus them rewill, might, vertue, pow'r & strength
Our fouls, fishe, beasts, tries, herbs, & men at length.

B ij

And

And thus we see each creature further doth bring
 (According to its essence) ill or good
 The aer beids fowles, in water fishes springe,
 Herbs trees and living beasts are earths grosse broode
 Yea eue thing (according to his kynd)
 Ill fauor'd foule, fair, thynninge, clear, we fynd

Altho it pleas'd heigh Ioue from heaune descend
 Fraill man to make of earth of drosse, of clay,
 Most fair of all ou'rall to haue command
 For him, all made to him, all shoulde obey
 Then man should thank him prate him, pray him still
 To love, to blesse, and to forgiue his ill,

Yea lyke to his owne Image man he makes
 In which he shews his loue and eak his might
 But these to whom most beautie he betaks
 These makes he lykett to his Image bright
 Wherefore to these we owe great loue, & dewtie
 Remembring God the fontane of all beutie

For why when this great God made all things first
 To beute did he giue the heighest place
 Becaus it was the substance worthiest
 Of the aspect of his most glorious, face
 Then whoso eu' with beautie is indewd
 Them shuold we loue, as through Gods loue renewed.
 And

And if so be in Chaos was confus'd
 Sun say their was no light nor beautie fair
 But God the fontane of all light infus'd
 Such beateous light in all his creatures rare
 Then vnto whom he beautie geues, to those
 His grace, his goodnes, and his loue he shewes

Yea in my simple iudgement this I think
 On'r beautie God has by a speciall caire
 So that with Lucifer they do not shrink
 Away frome grace and thank them selfs too fair
 But with meek mynds vpon his holy mountane
 Giue God the prauce who s of all beaute fontane

But o my Muse too heighe thou seem's to flie
 Thy wings are lag'd with vapors dull and grosse
 That which thou sing's is too too heigh for thee
 More meir for pregnant witt's and learnings force
 Turne back, least thou repent thy self, advyse,
 Wade not too deep in Gods heigh miste, yes

Turne to thy sacred sisters with thy quill
 For to aduise with them what must be doone
 With Lissa fair, whoes beautie works her ill
 For so Melpomene they do inuoyne
 To bring Alecto frome her deidfull den
 Who blood, and warre, and murder makes on men.
 Bii Melpomene

Melpomene made way throw empty aer
 And through the watrie empyr wyde and deip
 Through darkeft hollow caues ſhe did repair
 And through the bowell of the Earth did creip
 And low where light of day did neuer ſhine
 Nor *Phœbus* ſhow his euclafing ſhryne,

Where *Cynthia* does ſleip in ſiluer dew
 Her neuer cheirfull, euer drouping light
 In *Thetis* watrie bed whoes azur hew
 Her luſtre ſhowes in blak eternall night
 Through fearfull, loathſome, foull, & filthie fenns,
 Through foggie ſmook, through dark, & dreadfull dens,

She hauing paſt frome *Phœbus* cheirfull light
 Came to a Regione of eternall darknes
 The habitation of the dun kiſhe *Night*
 It was indeid, ſo fearfull was the marknes
 She meits that greiſlye Hagge with viſage ſadd
 Who was into a cole-blak mantle cladd,

And ſat into a chariot pitchie blak
 Four ieatblack ſteid: that braith'd dark clouds of ſmoke
 With ramping noyes made all their harnei- crak
 With braying all the ſolid earth the, ſhooke
 This vnaquainted brightnes when they ſaw
 Their Muſes downe to hell they ſeem'd to draw.

At a ſt the Muſe ſo oft aloud did call
 That vglie *Night* out of ther chariott looks
 She ſayes moſt dreidfull Dame ſo feard of all
Melpomene that tragick ſadnes brooks
 Wold know thy wayes, darke paths, & fearfull gets
 That downe to *Plutoes* loathſum kingdome lets,

The aged Hagg, with furious rage thus ſpake
 With gottly ſpæche and dreidfull countenance
 Thow Imp of my old foe who ſeeks my wrack,
 Why troubles thow my Regions with thy glance
 Lo where ſyre ſmook and ſulphur doe ariſe
 In yonder denne if thow dar enterpriſe,

The greiſly gulf of deip *Auernus* holle
 Aboue the which my mantle black is ſpred
 About the which a fearfull laick doth rolle
 Downe throw that flaming gulf thow muſt be led
 Where neuer yit did enter any wight
 But ſeirce *Aneas* and *Sibilla* bright,

Eune that ſame way the ſacred Muſe is gone
 The ſmook and ſulphur ceaſt their reſtles flame
 And downe to *Plutoes* court ſhe goes anone
 The braſin getts burſt oppen when ſhe came
 At ther bright looks and at her beautie gl' mee
 Feinds ſpirits and Ghoſts fell in a helliſhe ſtance.

Our *Acheron* she past the bitter waues
(Wher damned souls with shrieking shrieks lament)
To *Flegit bone* with fyre floods that shewes
The torturing torment of that element
Wher Sinners nought but desperatione gains
And thou sand thou sands of eternall pains

At *Plutos* gate was dreidfull *Cerberus*
With thrie wyid oppin hollow throats deuoring
And curled hair of snakes, most venomous
Gnawing blood, fleshe, and bones with fearfull roring
But her deuyne, and Sune-shyne beauties such
Hells porter dar's not once her vesture tutch.

Straight to the house of endles paine she goes
Inuironed with that fyre flamminge floode
That *Phlegit bone* whoes fearfull laick furth throes
A filthie smock out belching labberd blood
Tisiphone the keipar heght to name
Mother of murder, Sinn deecat, and shame

Then did the rout of loathsum *Harpyis* roar
Then *Syllas* sound, their sculine moth't *Hydras* howling,
Their *Serpents* hisse their greisly *Gorgons* hoar
Their *Centaur's*, *Sphinges*, fearefull *Chymers* rousing,
All those and many thou sand Monsters more
Wher set one burning thrones their Prince before

Their

Their wofull wailing wretches to'd with pains
With ghostlie grones with onglie yeling sounds
With har k and jangling noyes of irone chains
Whoes clamors, crye, and shouts throu hell redounds
Those monstres trampling were in darkness shed
That horror, dread, fear, death, & terrour bred

Their *Sulmon* crawling was in endles paine
For counterfitting thundreflaught & fyre
Their *Titus* (darling of the earth) was flaine
A *Vulter* scidding one his filthie lyre
Their was the wheill *Ixion* turning still
For daring tempt heaun's *Queene* to lechrous ill,

Their *Tisiphus* disioynted one a rack
Their *Thesens* to endles slouth condem'd
Their fyrie *Sisters* drawing water wrack
And yet their vessels emptye still vnstem'd
Thair *Tantalus* with thirst, and hunger flaine
Sees meat and drinck yet nether could he gaine

At last a foull and filthie sink she sees
Wher fyre and brimstone pitche and tar were smooking
Whoes deipnes dyu'd as far beneth the seas
As it was vp to heaune from thence in looking
Above this sink a dragone still reappears
Whoes monstrous bodie scue h.lds vprairs.

Downe

Downe in this fearfull smock and filthie hole
 Wer *Titans* broode and *Earths* feare childring thrust
 That in their bloodie raige did restles roll
 In their owne blood whill sulphur smock them burst
Tiphon and all the *Gyanis* warr's that maid
 Against the Gods were their by lightning led.

While in this hollow pitt they do remaine
 They thunder furthe such fearfull roaring crye
 Confusdly iarring in their endles paine
 Their bodie hudge in flammes still roasting lye
 Which send a stinking smock furth with the cry
 That much amaze the *Muse* in passing by.

At last she came vnto a dreidfull caue
 Wher *Furies* furthe send many fearfull cryes
 Their *Pryd* attended on by *wraith* as slaue
 Their *Madnes* that on *wraith* had fixd her eyes
 Their *Envy* fals one, *Vertue* still was railling
 And their *Dispair* her owne hait furth was trailling

Their *Rage* did runc her heid against the wall
 And their *despight* satt gnawing of her fingers
 Their was the thrie commanders of them all
 Wofull because the Earth from mischeif lingers
Alecto, *Tiphon*, *Megera* their
 Who work mischeif, plague, famin, blood, & weir.

The *Muse Alecto* furth she calls in ha'st
 And said I pray the pas vnto *Achay*
 Wheir is the Virgine fair *Laisa* plac'd
 And work her wrak her ruine her decay
 She's daughter too the great *Achaian* King
 And has defyld our fair caballeian spring.

This When the *Muse* had said she did retorne
 Thro' w shadow dimme of dark and glomie night
 Vp to her Sisters who with anger burne
 Till wrought was all their vengeaunce their despight
 On *Lissa* fair whom beautie had in keeping
 Who all this whyle lay by the fontane sleeping





Caput. III.

Argument.

*Alecto moues Achaias Prince
Fair Helicon to view
Butt Man say of the flaming rock
Forbids his iornay new
When vnto Helicon he came
Laisa he espyes
Whom he for Sister does not know
And wold with loue surpryse.*

1.

*M*Elpomene now gone, the furie streight
Directs her courte vp to the light of day
Deuying what way best to frame this flight
And so be hinks her on a strainge cōsay
A flight, a fallied and a curfd reuenge
A crewelue, a pl. gue, that seemeth strainge

2.

And thus it was the for said *Phedro* had
A lau full Son: *Phelarnon* cald by name
Whos prais and merents was so largly spred
His father ioyid of such a Galants fame
Alecto him from rests heytour broght doune
To search for honour and to find renoune.

When

OF PENARDO and LAISSA

3.

When lazie night with sable wings ou'r-spread
The cristall sphers, and dim'd the azure Light
Sleip baried men in rest from labor freed
In Sleip *Phelarnon* lies ane Angell bright
To him apper and his waik on him torment
With vision strange at last those words presented

4.

Fair Prince as Nature has ordaind the strong
Of goode proportionne with a verteous mynd
Tea of thy Martiall self must be the song
Of after lining Poës as we synd
Nature in the thos gifts has no wayes showne
To burst them vnto the world vnknowne

5.

Who so wold win renoune he thus proceids
Vp to the throne or Theatre of glorie
The first rewarde of heigh and noble deids
Must be to att the deid (Whos endles storie)
Shall be reueid with neuer dyng Fame
In Tymes steill books to etermize thy name

6.

Yea verteous woorth but glorie can not be
Glorie on Vertue waits whair ere she goes
(Eue as thy shaddw followes still on thee)
And all Her deids to endles Fame she shoves
Thus his desyre, his mynd, his will, and all
She fram'd to worke his wrak, his death his fall

Lastlie

Lastlie with flatterie thus the feind essayes
 Braue Youth begot of royall race and birth
 How spends thou so into obscure thy dayes;
 This stains thy valour and thy woundrous weorke
 Go then to Parnassus mount extoll thy name
 With vertue, wonder, valour, glorie fame

For know Parnassus mightie mount retains
 That which should raise thy glorie to the skyes
 So fates decreis and so the Heauens ordains
 Heighe Ioue the wills from sluggish rest to ryse
 This said to shaples as she takes her flight
 But lest his hart impoyson'd with her sight

For whill she spak his spreit she did in fyre
 With hote desyre of hono^r glorie fame
 He wa'k't, he Blush't, his eyes did flamm with fyre
 Whill strengthe & courage stroaue with slouth & shame
 Her stronge and venom'd word's suche vertue had
 They Hope, desyre, strength, courage, valour bred.

And by this tyme fair *Phæbus* isshewing out
 Did beautifie with brightnes of his beams
 Fair *Leucothea* forcheid round about
 Ryling about the waue *Oceane* stream's
Athon, and *Pblegon* tramplng clouds that powrs
 Melted by fyre breath in siluer showrs.

Geuing

Getting a tincture to the *Spiders* wheb's
 Waueing aboute dame *Floras* fragrant poses
 Vpon sweet smelling birkes and tender thob's
 Greine leaues and prickles of vermiliane roses
 Whill *Aeoll* breathe, their prettie tops decyning
 They daunce, they glance, they smyl on *Phæbus* shyning

Not only heir alone fair *Phæbus* shaw's
 One *Neptuns* glassie glisting back he playes
 Vpon whoes restless neuer ceassing waues
 He combs his crispe irradiant heir whoes rayes
 Wold seeme to set the hieft heaues on fyre
 Whill in our *Hemisphere* is his emptye.

But suddenlie to darknes turn'd the day
 From skyes heaune theatned earthe with roaring thun- (der
 That man and beast aud feinds in hell affray
 Heauens fyre did seeme to tear the earthe a funder
 Which of this Monarches fall did warning make
 Of death, of blood, of ruine, and of wake

Ah flatterie wyld and most pernicious
 The mask of malice mouer of mischief
 The Father of all lies most vitious
 The Nurte of fals hood, and the ground of greif
 The fall of kingdomes, Princes, and estates
 The caule of murder, sinck, of all deccats

The

THE HISTORIE

15.

The map or purtrat of Hypocresie
 Vsurping once the office of a freind
 Thou beirs the name and voyce so cunninglie
 As if the knott of frendship wer combin'd
 In the, (while lyik a Slaue thou w serues the will)
 Yet fram's desyre to the desing's of ill.

16.

Thus vnto man a Slaue thou seem's to be
 And yet thou still obtains the *masters* hyre
 Tho art Conquerour of womens chastitie
 And on'r their Sex thou beirs a proud empyre
 The sharpe rebuk's of freinds ar better far
 Nor suggerd words of anie flat terer

17.

As cunning Foulders drawes (with craftie flight)
 The souls into the traine for theme deuysd
 Or fishers that allures the fishe by sight
 Of baite which pray has them to death entys'd
 So flatterie leids a man to his owne fall
 His shame, his wrack, his death disgrace, and all

18.

As Syrens doe (with sweetest sounding songs)
 Enchant the Sea-mans hart, his ears, his eies.
 That them to heare ay more & more he longs
 Thither direct'd his winged vessel flies.
 Till shce is clift vpon the craggie shore
 And then the monstre does the man deuoure.

OF PENARDO and LAISSA

19.

So *Sycophantes* allures thy mynd and thence
 In flamin's desyre when from their lip's does flow
 Stream's riuers floods nay sea's of eloquence.
 That drouns the Senses with a pleasant show
 Of all delight yet proues deceit and pain
 Which heir is shown'e by false *Alectos* train:

20.

Whoes fyre in flam'd the braue *Phelarnon's* mynd
 That sphe roe to view *Parnassus* montane
 And from his fathers court (insecrer kynd)
 He stole vnsein to sie the facted fontane
 While by the way his hope, his haire, his thoughte
 For prattic, wooth, valour, and renounce, they toughte

21.

While he drew neir the mount he stood to wonder
 The earthe begone to tremble quack and rapp
 As if it would haue rent and brust a sunder
 With trembling noyes lyik to a thunder clapp
 At last he on a fearfull flamme did look
 Cum frome a caue enrold in cloudsof smook,

22.

He (whoes vndanted spright nought could eff. ay)
 To know this strange aduenture wold draw neir
 Frome out the flamme he hard a voyce to say
 Ah wofull Prince *Phelarnon* back reitir
 Death the abyds vpon, *Parnassus* montane
 If thou approche too neir the sacred fontane

THE HISTORYE

23.

He stoode as one amaz'd to heire his name
So cald vpon, by Whome he could not knowe
At last as one awakned frome a dreame
He sayd what ghost so ere thou be but show
Thy name, & why thou threatenst me with death
Their of no sign's appeir, I liue I breath,

24.

The voice agane made answer to the Prince
My name is *Mansay* of the flaming rock
That in the bowels of the earth far hence
(By magick spell) fore saw thy fatall chok (down
For this heauen threatening' mount whoes streams falls
Contains thy wrack and ruine of thy croune.

25.

Wherfore flie back and leaue thy fond conceits
Mar not thy mynd with suche a frantick storie
Leaue for to eternize thy endles deate
In antieque roll's of fame with Martiall glorie
Leaue to the Muses their diuorc'd empyre
Be not ou'r cum with leues alluring fyre

26.

And thus fairweel new visions calls me hence
At these his words the Prince amazed stands
He needs wold now returne but no defence
Was left *Alesto* flatterie him commands
To go and sett all dastard fear apart
It is not words but deids that kills the haire

OF PENARDO and LAISSA.

27.

This was *Laisas* brother certanlie
Achais king of children had no more
For all men deem'd *Laisa* for to be
Dround by *Kalander* as ye harde before
Alesto (that foull feind the Prince,) has led
Of *Lissa* fair to be enamoured,

28.

And so resolud he mounted vp so hye
That by this tyme the chariot of the Sunc
Had neir hand reacht the top of all the skye
From whoes reflex all creaturs doeth shune
Them self; and so he fies a groue of tries
Whoes loftie tops did seeme to threat the skies;

29.

Wherinto *Phelarnon* hastelie did goe
They promeist aide the heat for to with stand
Wher Sommers blossomes made a seemlie show
So thick that heat nor cold no entraunce fand
Whose sinell a swit ambrosiall odour throues
Furth throw the plains the medowes & the groues

30.

He much admeird those tries so straight & fyne
The Cedar Elme, and Oak, the *Ciprus* fair
The *Esse*, the *Esse*, the *Pepler*, and the *Pyae*
The *Lourell*, *Ewe*, the *Raintrie*, *Willow* rair
The *Birk*, the *Olyne*, *Sallow*, and the *Mirrhe*
The *Mazer*, *Beitch*, the *Brsell*, and the *Firre*.

Cij

Thus

THE HISTORIE

31.

There was he led throw *Natures* woundrous store
Whill chiming birds did tounē their chanting lay's
Vnto a syluer brock that sweetlie rore
Whoes murmur on the trembling *Pebles* play's
Their roaring musick *Echo* backe' out d's
From hollow caues, heigh rock's, & whiffing winds

32.

And whil he traueled throw these path's vnkowne
He suddantie was ravish'd with delight
Of ane fair *Ladie* who to him was showne
All naked safe her smock, and slepping streght
Beautie wold neids triumphe & loue should wonder
Loue bred delight, and courious sight bred wonder

33.

Her armes owr'croce her comely brest that hinge
As if they wold defend it frome assault
Of frantick *Loue* who wish displayed wings
A boue her in the are was finding falt
That *Ioue* futch sacred treasur would pas by
Whome *Iuno* skarce could keip aboue the sky.

34.

Her long small hands as lillis whitte did seeme
To ioy for being amorous each of other
Their soft embracements sweet they did esteeme
Whill as their fingers link't in pair's together
Her yourie monts (to whose aspyring top's
Blew asure conducts drew sweet *Nectar* drop's)

Humbled

OF PENARDO and LAISSA

35.

Humbled them self vnto her corall lipps
Who in their precious purple painting dye
Tuo rainge of orientall perle eclipse
From wounding sight of peirring mortall eye
What carles sleip neglect's by curious chance
In ordour lye her beaute to aduance.

36.

Her muskie breath still mounting in the skie
Whose smook lykwit perfume infects the air
Her deip and hollow throat continually
Sends furth a dulce and dolfull sound of care
Wher with sun skalding fighes wer interlynd
Whoes munting shew the sorrow of her mynd.

37.

Her daintie limbs wer shed with flourie knop's
Who loath to part from such a galant prey
Made leauie mantles of their loffie top's
To hyde her daintie skine from heat of day
And flourish fairer then they did before
Proyding crowns and garlands for her glore.

38.

Evne as the *Lyzard* through the flourie grasse
Beholds a mans fair visage whill he sleip
Thither to hoist she crawls with speedie pace
And of her brood her kendlings tak's no keip
She lyes she looks, she loues, and tak's delight
To sic his face, and surfeit on the sight.

Ciii

39.

So whill the Prince beheld the sleiping Mayde
The beautie of her louely countenance
Delight, loue, wonder, and amazement bred
He stood he fear'd he gaz'd at eury glance
He blush'd, to looke wheir touche (no looks) haue part
Yet look'd, till looks in lust, hade droun'd his hart

40.

Whill earles sleip thus naked had her left
Left was the Prince in wonder, loue, delight,
Delight his hart out throw his eyes had left
Left with each looke each thought each glāce each sight
Sight wonder, loue delight, amaizment breidinge
Hope, passion, heat, desyre one lust still feiding.

41.

At last resoluid with silent noyes drew neere
To act this furious wofull tragedie
Not knowing that it was his Sister deir
Whom he wold now bereaue of chastitie
But o he feird that heauen's reuenging flame
Wold plague him if he wrong'd that Virgine Dame.

42.

And now he back retein with silent pace
And shrouds him in a shaddow groue frome sight
Wheir he might still behold her loulie face
Whill she awaking frome a troubled spright
With sobs, with sighes, with grones, with tears she sa-
th heauen's too long your iustest vengeance stayes.

(yes

But

43.

But shameing' thus to sie her self so bare
She drawes her to her gramends neir hand bye
And being cled she seemed thryce so fair
That dimd the sight of any mortall eye
None might abyde her blazing starr's bright glance
Which back reuerberats their radiance,

44.

Not muche vnlyk *Apollos* goldin lighte
You first his drouisic eyes may weel espy
When he from wattie *Thetis* tak's his flight
And first begins to mount the azure sky
But whane on tope of hieft heauen's he stands
No ey his ey, no looke his looke, with stands.

45.

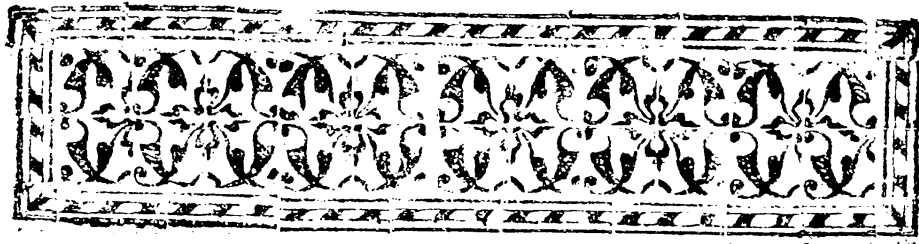
Eu'ne so whill she did sleip he might descry
The lauelines and lustre of her face
But being wakned now her cheirfull ey
Furth throwes his spangling reyes in euery place
Whose peircing glance with flamming hote desyre
Threw lightnings furth, and set the skyes on fyre

46.

The Prince *Pheiarson* byds no longer sighte
But goes vnto the fontane by and by
She that had neuer seinc an armed Knight
(Before that tyme) geue out a fearfull cry
And fled he praes'd with flattring praise to proue her
She knew no loue, no flattrie then could moue her.

C iij

Epus



Caput. IIII.

Argument.

Fierce Tropalance of Datia
And Prince Phelarnon feghe
Laissa and they both enchanted
Ar by Mansay's might
Great Sigismund and armie brings
Achais to invade
He vanquish't them and caus'd them seek
To Thessaly for ayde

1.



Hat griefly chyld of darknes and of Hell
Who had so well accomplisht her desyre
Her poylon in *Phelarnons* breist did swell
And quyt for to consume him with that fyre
Anothe Prince at this sam time she
Who for the lyke desyre of glory sought. (b o g h)

2.

This other Prince whome she had brought apace
Was wylking throw these groues and did espy
Laissa who mainteind her fearfull chace
While as he thought her beautie dim'd the sky
This Knight was Sone vnto the *Datia* Prince
And heght to name the mightie *Tropalance*

Who

OF PENARDO and LAISSA.

3.

Who come the fontane *Helicon* to vew
Whose name so much throughtout the world was known
But seeing this fair Lady to eschew
A Knight that to him now his eyes had shewn
Of him to make a conquest then with speid
He breack'd furth warre with terrour & with dreid.

4.

The Prince was loath to part from such a pray
And preast to shune this Knight but all in vaine
He lighted doune and stoutly bad him stay
Furth drawes the blad, had many thousand slaine
Wheirwi h lyke lightning dints, and blasts of thunder
His stroaks bred paine, paine raige, and raige bred
(wonder.

5.

For lo his arme this brand had raizd on hie
And gaue the Prince vpon the armed creut
So hudge and heauie blowes that now weel nie
He maid his brand forsake his panting breist
The Prince almost now breathes fearlie cryte
Fals miscreant thou deirlic shall abyte.

6.

And then his murdring blade did fearely draw
And gaue the *Paganes* breist a thrust he sent
Which made him reill that it appeird (in shew)
His curst lyfe out of her lodge was rent
His shoulder blade receau'd so deip a wound
He groweling fell with bloodie goit to ground.

The

THE HISTORIE

7.

The Prince past by and followed one his loue
His loue, his Sister, and his vnknowne freind
The Pagaine cursed all the *Gods* aboue
And sweir he was sum feirce infernall feind
And yit in this his raige he followed fast
Till of the Prince he got a fight at last.

8.

Who now hade gote Laissa in his armes
And with myld words hade pacified her fear
The which to *Tropolance* bred greater harmes
Then when he did his fleshe and armour tear
Her looks he thinks vnto his loue consents
Wheirby his courage tuentic fold augments.

9.

Now wraith in him began to raige and swell
And thus he said fy turne thy feble face
Leaue that fair Lady and defend thy self
Lo dreidfull death abyds the to embrace
Wheirwith he strak and peared the Princes syd
With strength, the blaid for bloode maid entres wyd.

10.

Then from *Phelarnon* stream'd a luk-warme flood
With purple goir that dyed the grassie ground
Whill as the Pagane spy'd the streaming blood
The victorie he thought he surelie found
But as a *Lyon* moud to raige and wraith.
That teirs his prey with bloodie pawes to deith.

So

OF PENARDO and LAISSA,

11.

So now the Prince delt deildlie dints and blowes
That nether armes nor sheild might them withhold
Like haill and thundre thousand stroakes he throwes
At last a stroak he gaue with courage bold
This Pagaines breist with this his mightie hand
Gaue way vnto the lyff reuenging brand

12.

Eune as a mightie *Cedar* (cutt be- low
By sharpned aix (falls trembling to the ground
So fell the mightie *Tropolance* althow
Reuenge, raige, furie, stroue with fats last wound
And as dry woode when fyre has spent the same
At his last death sends furth the brightest flame.

13.

So he (thogh dead in strength) with angrie pryde
And curs'd reuenge renew'd his deing force
The courteus Prince *Phelarnon* step'd a syd
No hurt he profer'd but with myld remorse
Requird him yeild, who in his dying smart
Sheathed his poynecard in the Prince his haire.

14.

This was the sorow of *Achaians* all
This was the wrak and ruine of their croune
This was the ground and causer of their fall
This was the deith that dang their *Phedro* doune
This brought great *Sigismund* from out his soyle
With many thousand *Datians* to their spoyle.

But

THE HISTORIE

15.

But lo the graue magiciane *Mansay* knew
The fatall end of thole tuo princelie Knights
Thus in a dark blak cloud of fearfull how
He brought them to his caue with helpe of his might
Where yeat as then they gaspe their lastest breath
And dies in paine yet leues in endles death.

16.

The fair *Laisa* he has thir also
Enchanted still in her amaized moode
Because she was the ground of all this woe
Whyls baint in flames & whyls shes dound in bloode
That Hell it self no greater burthene beirs
Paine, rage, and grief, her hant in peices teirs

17.

Now *Fame* began her fether footed race
By manie lands and seas she tooke her flight
At last (to rest her swift and speedie pace)
In *Datia* land at court she doune did light
And in the ears of mightie *Sigismund*
Those wo full newes she wofullie did sound.

18.

How that his deirest Sone deir *Tropolance*
Achaians Prince had now bereft of flyte
And that into a Ladies fan defence
He bauldied died in that couragions stryfe
Then plague on plague the Tyrans ear's confoundit
Pyd, angre, rage, reueng, blood, murther, loanon.
Reuenge

OF PENARDO and LAISSA

19.

Reuenge proccids of iniurie by right
A Passione that fraile man tormenteth much
It gnawe the hart with torments of despight
By day and eke by night molesting such
As an offendit thus inuist it proues.
For the offender nought at all it moues.

20.

Sum in reuenge does alwayes use to kill
But that is crewell rage and meir despight
For he that would reuenge must haue the skill
To haue a kynd of pleasur and delyht
That the reueng'd may feill with shame and paine
The weyght of the Reuengers wrath and gaine.

21.

But *Sigismund* (of whom we now shall treat)
Vs'd only crewell rage and not reuenge
Most vitious and detestable deceit
Most filthie barbarous and yet more strange
A fear, a beastlines, a brut she passione,
An euill of euills, past all imaginations.

22.

A passione which with wemen doeth endure
And ostentym's has by that Sex bene vs'd
And also by the Vulgare being sure
Of stronger backs, or cowards that has chus'd
The weaker contrarie partie for their fo
And therupon their courage most they show.

But

THE HISTORIE

23.

But lo the braue and mightie mynds (we see)
(Where valour dueells) their strength does exerceize
Against the strong resistingemie
And those whose deids their fame does eterneize
Whome they no sooner to their mercie gett
But pitie does their crueltie abett.

24.

Such pitie us'd not *Sigismund* who sweir
To mak the Earth with *Gracians* blood so drunck
That all the world yea heaune it self should heir
The iust reuenge of his deir Sunnes deid trunck
Thus soone he rais'd ane armie void of fear
Whoes stomacks stout breath'd furth reuenge & wear

25.

This *Sigismund* a mightie Pagane strong
The scepter held of many mightie land
Which he by right of warre or rather wrong
Most Tyranelyk did keip into his hand
Who with this armie great to *Greece* did goe
And tour's, and strengths, and touns, did ouerthroe.

26.

And coming to *Achaia* at the last
King *Phedro* old his furie to with stand
An armie did conuein when which he past
And mett him on the bordours of the land
But this proud Pagan (with his multitude)
Got victorie with too much Christiane blood.

Wyce

OF PENARDO and LAISSA

27.

Twyce after this the Paganes furious wrath
Reuengd too well his ding fones deir blood
Whole festie thou sand he did bring to death
With fyftiene Princes of the royall brood
Their King at last him self in *Thebes* inclos'd
When Princes, lords, and commons all wer los'd.

28.

Whom *Sigismund* incompast round about
With wrath, with pryde, with iniurie and wrong
He swoor that citie should not hold him out
Tho't wer as *Troy* as great a fair as strong
But he wold make itt equall with the plaine
And therof should no memorie remaine.

29.

But *Phedro* old his threatninges to preuent
(Fearing his wrack his ruine and his fall)
Andromadan Embassadour he sent
In *Theffalie*, releif help, ayde, to call
Andromadan a great *Achaian* lord
Whome valour, woorthe, & vertue much decoird.





Caput. V.

Argument.

Penardo Prince of Theffalye
Is heere vnto yow shewne
Whoes buried deids so long in grane
Shall to the world be knowne
Achais great Embassadour
Requyrs Theffaliens ayde
The which is granted and anone
For warre prouisione made.

I.

INto the mightie land of Theffalye (name)
Their regn'd a King that Grodane heght to
By mightie force he conquerd Arabie
Throw Greciane land so famous grew his
Earthes terrour, Europs tour, and Africks woe (same)
Bulwark of sicends, and buricill of his foe.

This Grodane had to wyfe a noble Dame
That Sister wes vnto the Spanishe King
Whoes lyfe gouern'd with such a spotles name
O d f me throw emptie aei this song did sing.
Thycc happie Prince of Iasons lync that regn's
And to the world an other Iason breng's.

Thos

OF PENARDO and LAISSAN

3.

Those tuo wer lou'd with such a lust regard
She lou'd, he feird, she praisd, and he renound
The famous citie Eregon he reird
And built the princelie Palace Pitemuond
And their hi's royall court he intertain'd,
Million's of knights and Ladyes their remaind.

4.

He had no children but a Sone alone
Whoes beautie and proportion of his face
Bewrayd his royall Progenie anone
His persone Princelye and his comelic grace
Most rair, most wyse, most valorous, most fair
Most lou'd, most loath'd, still croc'd, with Fortuns snare.

5.

Penardo cald the obiect of disdain
The skorne of loue, the monument of lothe
The mirrour of mischeif, the map of paine,
The marck of daunger, and the mold of wrath
The Seat of sorrow, and the tombe of care
The winges of wrack, the Burio of despair.

6.

Yet was he well train'd vp in featt's of armes
Tilt's, turnayes, and all war-lyk exercise
Whoes brauc vndanted Spright espyes no harmes
Whoes mightie force his fame doeth eternize
So lou'd of all, and yet that all so feird him
That Heaune, and Earth, & Heil, to much admir'd him.

D

And

THE HISTORIE

7.

And had his grand-Syre (*Iasen* valourous)
Bein now alyue he had not cron'd the Maine
For that his dangling tresses pretious
Surmunts the goldin fleece whiche he did gaine
His looks, his gesture, and his countenance
Would chaifest *Phæbe* moue to dalliance

8.

Dame *Nature* followed him with sad laments
Compleining of her treasurs emptie coffers
Proportionne beautie vertues excrements
Was left to her and cheir sullie she offers
To quyt all those if he would proue so kyned
To runder back perfections of the mynd

9.

And yet sumtyme she (stairing' in his face)
Wold seeme to loue him wowing him with swyll's
And proud of this her handie work whoes grace
She swoir the glorie of the gods beguyl's
And other whils complaining in a rage
She lak'd materiall's for ensueing age,

10.

Which true did proue for *Nature* was vndone
The earth was lost, and mankynd was forlorne
Th'ensueing ages monster's prou'd too soone
Some reason wants some but proportionne borne
Some dam, some deaf, some blind, some leam'd ar fees
Some sensles, witles, strenghtles, hartles bein.

Now

OF PENARDO and LAISSA

11.

Now whill the Earthe was rap't with admirations
Of this fair youthe so muche admer'd of all
(One contrarie remou'd) the confirmatione
He seem'd to haue of all that grace men call
He that in loues despight him self had shouen
Yct lou'd at last and loath'd was ouerthrowen,

12.

For who can shunn his fortune or his fate
All to loues liue tho' lyfe wer but a night
Ceare, traueel woe, with pleasure does debait
Greif sorow, paine, with pastyme, ioy, delight.
The truest happimes one earthe remaine
Wher croce is mixt with confort, ioy with paine

13.

But Whil fair fame (this royall court to show
Throuw spacious Earthe and ocean took her flight
Aduentrous Knight's hade (many year's ag'oe)
Sleep't in dark silence of eternall night
Desyre of honor (to the worlds vew)
Calls furthe one Youth, deip Danger to persue,

14.

Penardo as ane Gallant would obey
Whoes braue heroick spright surpast so farre
All youths of *Greece* that he would oft essay
The most and best approued Knight's of warre
When tuo at once he caus'd for to effront him
They could not find the mains for to dismont him

Dij

Yet

THE HISTORIE

15.

Yet whilst he sleip't at home in silent pace
Th' Embassadors come to the court in haist
From out *Achain* whom it pleas'd his grace
To entertaine with many royall feast
Who muche admeird the great magnificence
Of his fair court and of his excellence

16.

Thrie dayes wer spent in feasting or repast
When they desyr'd for to be hard of all
The King and counsell being set at last
They wer convey'd vnto a princelie hall
Yea to vnfold that coslie court so syne
Should pas the might of such a Muse as myne

17.

The pillers wer of purest *yuorie* fram'd
With pearle and pretious stone in gold embost
Whos glistering beam's continuall light inflam'd
That sable *Night* her entrance their had lost
The stones to wall's their glances consecrat's
Which ritcheft mantles still reuerberat's

18.

Whoes maicste was staitlie to behold
For round about the walls the tapestrie
Was goodlie arace wrought with *Indiane* gold
With purple silk and syluer gloriouslie
So viuclie wrought vnto the humane eye
Maicstlick puttreats lyuelie seemd to be,

OF PENARBO and LAISSA

19.

Their *Cupid* painted in his glistering pryde
His eyes wer shut, yet in his crewell fist
An goldin bow and arrowes did abyde
Where with he shot at randone when he list
He bends, he draw's, he shoots no shaft in vaine
He hitt's the Hart, & yet no marks remaine.

20.

Ther *Ioue* and their the *Thebane Semale*
Their jealous *Iuno* lyke her *Nurse* appeirs
And caus'd her seik that *Ioue* in majestie
Wold come with thundring darts & lightning fyres
Their might you sic when he perform'd ye same
Her birae in heauenlie fyre & schoarcking flamme

21.

Their *Leucothea*. their was *Phæbus* bright
In sheape of old *Eurymine* her mother
Their *Orchamus* her father tacks her streght,
And eard's her quick (til *Phæbus* coming hither)
Vnto a lamp a starre a flaming light
He chang'd her for to chace from thence ye night

22.

Ther *Mars* and *Venus* at ther dallying sports
Their *Vulcans* artificiall yrone nett
Wherein he wrapt these louers, their resorts
Feir *Danaes* Sone whome *Ioue* did erst beget
Who cutts *Medusa's* heid and their the fontane
Where he had chang'd King *Athlas* in a montan.

The

Dij

Their

23.

Their also feghts he with the monster wyld
 That persecutes the fair *Andronad* euer
 Their *Cephey* and *Cassiope* bewayld
 Their daughters hap, & yet could help her neuer
 Whom thundring *Ioue* iniustlie their detaind
 She weipt, she murnt, she sigh't, she pray'd, she pla'd

24.

All these yow might haue sein so perfectlie
 That nothing els but vitall breath they wanted
 Whil as they seem'd to lurk so priuely
 Sum heir sum their in pairs together hanted
 They seemd to blushe when curious eyes did sie them
 And shrow'd their y^{oung} limms in fowlds to sic them

25.

So *Cynthia* does shrood her self frome sighte
 Of wearie *Trauelers* that wandring strays
 Wiapt vp in darkest cloud's of silent night
 Yet through thin clouds oft shoots out syluer rayes
 So seem'd they in those fowlds, to creip vn knowne
 Yet shew them self vnwilling to be shown.

26.

Or as the stream's of crooked wynding brooks
 Now heighe then low, now ryse, then falls againe
 In darkest corners holes and priuie crooks
 Will steall vnscene Yet can not skaip the maine
 Each tumbling in hudge heap's their homage does
 Compleaning on the Earths vnkynnd refuse

Eure

27.

Eune so those mantles glorious riche and rair
 If strurd will alter chainge and turne in vaine
 Trembling and waisting mou'd whith shaples aer
 Heir low their heighe their low heir hyeghe againe
 Whiche maks sum portrats show & sum reite
 Sum heighe sum low and sum vnwar's appeis

28.

Those strangers stode amazed at that sight
 The King to brek their silence low did moue him
 Vpon a bench of gold that graue great light
 A Pale lyk heauens-starr'd canoby aboue him
 The cheifest bow'd to ground and then began
 To show the King (who heght *Andromachis*.)

29.

O thou most mightie Prince of Iasons race
 Thou skourge of Paganes and of Persians pryde
 O thou who did by mightie strength deface
 Arabia foelix and the spoils deuyd
 Amongst the Souldours with a princelie myad
 Thy seruants come from far, thy help to fynd

30.

Know that we ar Achaian's mightie Prince
 Of antient Greciane bloods we ar descendit
 Against the Paganes we haue made defence
 Our realme lost our royall blood is endit
 Our King our countray kingdome crown to all
 Ar rest and forc'd before our Foes to fall

Dinj

29

By Sigismund great King of Datia
Of Transyluania and Moldavia Prince
Of Sernia and of Valachia
He holds the septure and the gouernance
With armes great to mak his valour knowne
Our contrey, towns, and townes has overbrowne

This was the caus, Ill hap our Prince let out
One day the mont Parnassus for to view
Well arm'd he was both loftie strong and stout
Well fauor'd fair and of a heavenly brow
Our King Of Children had no more at all
Ther was he lost, and ther our strength did fall

For ther he chanc'd to vew a sacred Muse
Enamour'd thus he fondlie fell in loue
Pre sing her deigne destie to abus
Whose mynd from chaste desyrs he could not moue
By chance a Knight array'd & fought with hail
His paine, his grief, his lose, his death, his fall

And thus they both in combat fought a space
Vntill ther fatall howre approched neir
And then they both wer slaine into that place
Eyne then began our woe, our wrack our care
This Knight was Prince of Datia & was Sone
To Sigismund for him this warre began,

When

When he had done in silence still he stood
Abyding answer from the King who sayde
(In greatest ire) he wold reuenge their bloode
And willinglie wold lend his freindlie ayde
Liue happie Prince (sayd thay) in whoes sweitt eyes
Wrath, remour, dreid, reuenge, and glorie lyes.

Caput. VI.

Argument.

The armie marches to Achai,
Encamps on Phocis plaine
Grodanc seeks peace at Sigismund
Who answers with disdaine
Boetia stayes their garisone
For Grodancs help they sue
Penardo goes to their releef
With all the Aenean crew.

O Amitie the worlds onlielyfe (frame
Without the which this great & woundrous
Of heaun & earth should so be wrapt in fryse
That contrare motion's wold confound the same
It seem's frome mightie Ioue thou art descended.
He send the down when this great work was ended.

Of

THE HISTORIE

2.

Of man thou art the staff and only guyde
Without the, man should walk in darkeſt night
Thou art the ſtay, and ioy of his abyde
The worlds lamp her lanterne and her light
Of Gods elect the ſacred flamme alone
Kindled in heaue before his mercies throne.

3.

The Nurſe of true ſocietie humane
Piller of ſtatts and policies for aw
Nor any elſe ſaue Tyrans the diſdane
For wheir thou art their is no need of law:
Law is a ſecond mein deuysd to be
And ſerues for nought but their wheirs want of the.

4.

Trew freind ſhip reuells deſyre and the affects
The hert, the toung, the mynd, the will, and all
But lay the yock of iuſtice on their necks
For aw of puniſhment, and fear of thrall
They are conſtraind their ducie for to doo
Which freind ſhip wold moſt willinglie go too.

5.

Thus Amitie the ſacred flamme has beine
That ſoſters true the, to ducie geuing lyfe
Which in this following hitorie is ſeine
By *Grodane* who had wrapt him ſelf in ſtryfe
In him true Amitie hade ſole dominione
Which gaue no place to wordlie baſe opinione.

For

OF PENARDO AND MAISSA

6.

For lo his counſell wold this way proceed
They could not thus procur ſo great a foe
Except the King *Heyre* to *Achis* ſucceed
Great fools are they that threatning dangers know
And runc but hope but help aduylſe, delay
Headlongs to wrack, to ruine, to decay.

7.

This ſeem'd to grie with reaſone but the King
Who feard not, caird not, fought not, gaine to craue
True vertue, glorye, amitie did rigne
In him who could not, ſhould not, wold not leaue
His freinds in ſtrait, in danger, in diſtreſſ
His ayde, they fought and they ſhould find no leſſ.

8.

Wheir at the legatts (falling one their face)
Did weep for verie ioy before them all
And reuerentlie againe they thank his grace
All *Theſſaly* for armes began to call
The Kings will, pleaſure, and command declar'd
Bands, legions, troupes, & ſquadrons wer prepar'd.

9.

Thus through the mightie land of *Theſſalye*
Theirs nothing hard but murder, bloode, and wear
Such tumults did aryſſ that preſentlye
All neighbour nationes gann his force to fear
Fame fill their ears eune babling fame too nimble
All feard his name, and fearing all did tremble.

So

So feard is *Nilus* proud and mightie raige
 That fertill *Aegypts* land does ouerflooe
 When by the hatcheing *Crocadills* presage
 They know how farr the Princelie stream will goe
 When ower his bancks he spreds his azure wings
 All faints, all fears, all flies the force he brings.

11.

Then while the floure of *Thessally* repaire
 Before *Eregon* on a pleasant plaine
 Whoes panting hearts appeald their pow're repaire
 To gielde their glistering armes with glorious gaine
 To wrath they yeild, wrath, them to warre commands.
 Wrath arm'd their heart's, their harts has arm'd their
 (hands,

12.

This great and mightie armie was as much
 One horse and foote as fiftie thousand strong
 Whei of wer threttie thousand footemen such
 As any was all Christiandome among
 The horsemen all wer Princes, Lords, and Knights
 Great wonders wrought their valours, strenghts & might

13.

In *Thessaly* the *Aeneans* did dwell
 Of all the *Greeks* those were the most renound
 In martiall feats of armes they did excell
 Their pedegre from braue *Achilles* found
 Of those ten thousand to this warre was sent
 Most braue, most stronge, most scarce, most valient,
 Tho

14.

Those guardes the persone of this mightie King
 And called his *Cavalarie* alwheir
 Thus well prouyded all of cuerie thing
 This armie march'd in goodlie ordour their
 And being come vnto the frontiers end
Grodane his legat to the *Datian* send.

15.

Requiring him from such attempts to cease
 And let the *Gracians* brook their natie soyle
 Restoiring back their cities and with peace
 Depart but trouble, pillage, pray, or spoyle
 And be not proud of *Fortuns* pleasant howres (sorwes
 Whoes smyls ar mixt with frouns whoes sweitts with

16.

Altho his Sone Prince *Tropolance* was flaine
 Him self too weell reueng'd his death before
 For he the Prince *Phelarnon* kild againe
 The law of armes prouyds reuenge no more
 Then should he not triumphe and tyrannize
 Thus in their fall, their wrack, their miseries,

17.

Eune as a staitlie ship (her foes to urge)
 Furth flyds vpon the restles, rolling waw
 Imperiously she cutts the azure surge
 One *Thetis* back she ryds with galant shaw
 But when the angrie Seas begins to roare
 Waues bears her doune, that beat the waues before,

THE HISTORIE

18.

So he vpon the tope of Fortuns wheell
Must needs be throwne doune heidlongs at a blöe
In pryde he said he wold make *Grodane* feell
The force of datian arms before he goe
Altho his Sone had els reuengd his death
That kingdome skair sic could suffice his wrath.

19.

And sure(quod he)if I had knowne the platte
That *Grodane* made this warre to take in hand
I wold haue kept his glorie in for that
Yea and perhaps his fure still with stand
For eune before the wall of *Eregone*
My armie ther in armour should haue shoone.

20.

Soone after those disdain full speeches past
The armie march'd sum tuentie leggs that so
Thay being heir to *Phocis* at the last
Grodane direct'd ane herauld for to show
(By sound of trumpet)that he wold them yeild
But they refus'd,wherefore he man'd the feild.

21.

When he haid laid his seige vnto the citie
His Skoutts brought in a Messinger in hast
Who prayd his Maiestie to tak some pitie
Vpon *Bicottia* that was lost almaist
Two dayes ago they slew their garysone
And maid reuolt frome wicked *Sigismunt*.

And

OF PENARDO and LAISSA

22.

And lo of *Transylvania* the Prince
(Cald strong *Phelastor*) comes to raze their wall
And kill them selfs,their, Enfants but defence
Leauing no memorie of them at all,
This Prince indeid of all the Pagane camps
Was most renound and feard for braue attempts

23.

Of manly courage stout of body strong
Bold was his hart and valorous his hand
Crewell his mind enuyous full of wrong
Disdaine, pryde, rage, yea furie in him fand
A duelling sitt (and last to show him right)
Feareles of God, cairles of hells despight.

24.

Wherefore *Penardo* needs wold show him self
And falling one his kneis before his *Syr*
Desyr'd that he might haue the chaarge to quell
The furie of that princelie *Paganes* ire
His trembling voice, pale face, and fyrie breath
Showes his true valour and his furious wrath

25.

So does a gentle *Lyon* meik and myld
(For Princes pleasour team'd with teacher true)
If mou'd to rage and wrath he growes so wyld
His wonted courage in his breist renew
His taill he lifts a loft and ruffs his heir.
Shoots furth his flaming tounge, & pawes to teare.

Loath

Loath was his father he should vndergoe
 So greatt a charge in these his tender yeirs!
 Yet knowing courage did his breist ore floe
 In him strength, might, and valour weell appeirs
 Whoes fure of glorie can no cloud ow'r vaill
 Whoes day no night, nor darknes, may assayles

To him he gaue this great and mightie charge
 And with him sent three Princes stout and bold
 Whoes name fame, praise, worth, valor shall at large
 Be shoven aboue the notherne starre enrold
 And with him went those warrelyk *Aenean* bands
 Terror of earth, and strength of *Graciane* lands.



Caput. VII.

Argument.

PEnardo's ayde is cum to lat
 The town is set on fyre
 He followes on the Enemie
 Revenge is his desyre
 A vision in his sleip appeirs
 The whiche he does declare
 Beneath Apollo's altar, He
 Hes found an armour fair

1.

Ambitionne is a passionne woundrous strong
 Of noble courage, and of mightie force
 Whiche captive leads all g'ant spirits along
 And euen the strongest passions does enforce
 Yea loue it self whiche seemeth to contend
 Yet oft ambitione victor proues in end.

2.

Ambitione is an flamme that burns the mynd
 with endles drouth still thirsting after glorye
 A blind excessiue gredine (of kynd)
 To be imboist in tym's eternall storie
 Still hunting after greatnes that we sic
 Ambitione neuer satisfied to be.

THE HISTORIE

34

Ambition heigh is not a Passiōne feat
For baseborne brain's, or wordlie small attemp's
Renoune and glorie stoups not to such bait
Those ar not capable but ar contemp's
For proud ambiciōne beats & cast: them downe
Whill as they seek praile, glory, and renoune.

40

Ambitione after gaine does not persue
Nor actions reapping profit does it care
But ay wher dreadfull danger does ensue
Difficult strainge vnusuall and rare
Eu'ne there, ambitione hunts for glorie eue
For base and wordlie gaine it careth neuer.

36

This passiōne Prince *Penardo* did becaue
Of whom we write this following historie
Who thirsting after honor seem'd to leaue
A famous name in *Glorious* memorie
In him ambitione, crewell warre susteind
Gainst loue, and famous victorie obtaind

64

Who as we said recea'd that armie small
Wher with he should releue *Beotias* need
But *Sigismundi* (the citie for to thral)
Haid send the *Transiluaniane* Prince with speid
Whoes valarous renoune to heaune did mount
Wher for *Penardo* with ambitione brunt,

He

OF PENARDO and LAISSA.

7.

He fear'd he frown's, he longs to reauie the croune
Of fame and glory from *Phelastors* head
And set it on his owne, which great renoune
To beir it through the world vnconquered
More greif he fynds when one goes him before
Then ioy in conquing of a thous and skore.

8.

Now he right glade in gaining of this chaire
Two dayes led furth his army one the way
At last drew neir and on a plaine right large
Wold neids refresh his weante men a day
And then he sends, to learne, to vew to know
Th estate, the place, the number of his foe.

9.

When *Phobus* drin'st his sylver shyning hair
In *Thetis* lape they saw a cloud aspyre
Whoes smook send suddane darknes throw the aere
Wherin appeir'd reid flashing flamm's of fyre
As if the earthe out of her bowells wyde
Had send to choak the loftie heauens for pryde.

10.

While as the armie vewing stode amaz'd
Whoes hautie hearts no fear could harbor in
Yet vew's with fear and fearing still they gaz'd
Their quyet murmur made a fearfull dine
At last the skoutts returning told ye treuth
Which mou'd them all to, woe, to care, to reuth.

Eij

Know

THE HISTORIE

II.

Know mightie Prince your enemies are gone
Because they haue fulfilled their fearefull desire
For they haue rayed the walls of yonder town
And set it all with skorching flames a fire
Towns, towers and walls in cruel fire doth burne
Men, women, babes, by bloodie swords are torne.

12.

This was the cause of their destructione loe
They feard the Prince his ayde should come too late
And lakingouldours on their walls to show
For their defence against their cruel fate
Within a forest full of lackes and fenns
Three hundred robbers lay in caves and dens.

13.

The cheif of these was once a citizene
Who playing bancker out, his goods had lost
Wherfore he hyed him to the Robbers den
Who chus'd him chiefe of their theefe's host
Him hy'd they straight with sum's of *Indiane* gold
To guarde their walls and to defend their Hold

14.

But he who had no pitie nor regard
Vnto their lyues but only to their gold
Agreed by priuie letters for reward
And to *Phelastor* has the citie sold
Ah haples wretch that caus'd destroy and kill
Men at thy mercie, thy command, and will.

OF PENARDO and LAISSA

15.

Eene as the mightie marlion mounts the sky
And soares one lofty wing's with glazing eyes
At last the chiming lark she does espy
Cheif chanter in the queir of all that flies
Whose hollow throat, sends forth a thousand sounds
To pearce the azure vaults that back redounds,

16.

Her shrill sweet notes, with silent blowing breath
Now seeing her fearefull enemy aspyre
Pearcing the emptie aer to flee from death
Whil to prolong she mounteth, still the hyer
But with sad looks, whil thus she bids adue
Their she a weane traueler does view.

17.

Whose hart she oft had cheerd with chiming cleir
Awaking him frome drouse sleip to ryse
And warn'd him that *Apollo's* light drew neir
And in his long sum iorney did deuyse
New notes wheiron she curious descant sounds
Filling his ears with diapason sounds

18.

And thinking now that he wold thankfull be
She hies fast doune and seeks his ayde to beild her
With feirfull shrieks does in his besome flie
Glad that she song to him who now does sheild her
But he whose hart no pitie harbours loe
Delivers her vnto her mortall foe.

THE HISTORYE

19.

So did this fructe of ill this welch of woe
This curse of hauene in Whoe vnnatutall hare
No pitie could haue place but to her foe
The citie yelds (for this her good desert)
That oft had song sweet not's of educatione
To draw him from his haples constellatione

20.

Eune for the rauening wolfe by simple goat
Brought vp, with lone, with trauell, care, and, paine
And seid vpon her teat (such is her loat)
Till strength and force and vigour he retaine
Then he, whome she brought vp so cairfullie
Her deith, her graue, her sepulchre must be

21.

The Princee that pitied suche a sore mischance
Admiring much this monstrous crueltie
Sweeter in a rage his armie to aduance
Till he reueng'd *Bootias* miserie
Which did inrol his praise aboue the skyes
His fame, wooth, valour, woundrous victories.

22.

When *Phelus* harbinger in crimsone cled
Chaic'd donne to Hell nights hated hew abhorde
The flower that murn's for *Phelus* absence spred
Her beautie furthe and smyl's vpon her Lord
Whoes birning beams and lyfe infusing rayes
Conforts the Earth and beautifics ye skyes

Then

OF PENARDO and LAUSAR

23.

Then through the campe a murmur gan to ryse
All cryes for armes the trumpets sounds aloud
Ther sturdie coursars courage loudly brayes
And seemd to cry for loste cydars proud
They forward march't with ioy & great delight
Their willing mynds made heauie armour light

24.

And marching thus with suche a restless pace
Thre dayes the nights, at last they com in sight
Of then proud foes who heiring of their chaice
Had lyk desyre lyk will to proue their might
Shouts, clamours, cryes, on eury syd desery
Their will, desyre, and hope of victory.

25.

And yit *Phelaston* lyk a championne wyse
Forecasting perrells in his throught alone
Feard that *Penardo's* hardie enter pryse
Was but a craftie traine to draw him on
And that the armie in some corner lay
His campe vpon a suddane to betray

26.

Yet being of a mightie galant mynd
He sham'd to flie at his imaginatione
Wherfore in hast to *Athens* did he send
Wher *Brando* lay at seige to show the fashions
Brando the reull ou'r *Servia* did hold
Stout, hardy, wight aduencorous and bold

E iij

Which

THE HISTORIE

27.

Which when he hard his feige he rais'd in haste
And to the Prince *Phelastor* march'd along
Now know that in his camp there was at least
One horte and fute sum tuentie thousand strong
To *Sigismund* those newes he shortly sends
Who rais'd his feige frome *Thebes* and thither wends.

28.

Now *Primum mobile* had drawn the light
With his swift course out of our *Hemisphere*
And spread the icatblack mantle of the night
That summons all the creatures with fear
Vnto their rest then for to be their shield
They built a canues citie on the field

29.

Whil thus he had incamped in their sight
Set forth his watch his campe intrinshut strong
This Camproune caus'd disarm them all that night
For their refreshment after iorney long
After repast the Prince to sleip is gone
And in his sleip appeird this vision.

30.

A virgine Nymphe (whoes beantie dimd the sky)
With saddest looks with sobs with sighs with tears
So sorowfull she seem'd with weeping ey
Led by two feinds of *Pluto's* griesly fears
Her body seem'd all dyed in crimsons blood
Her garment skorch'd in flamm's of hellish brood.

Thus

OF PENARDO and LAISSA

31.

Thus leading her hand by him (as he thought)
She cryd o sweitt *Penardo* lend thy ayde
Whoes only strength the fates decree has wrought
To end the ceasles torments of a Mayde
Wher at him thought he start with suddane fear
Drawing his brand those hellish feinds to tear,

32.

But then with myldest speeche she sayd no more
Thy willingnes sufficezeth at this tyme
A greater danger thou must pas before
Thy happie ayde geue end vnto my cryme
But mightie *Ioue* in danger, warre, and stryfe
Preserue thy fame, thy honor, and thy lyfe.

33.

Not farr their stands within a pleasant vail
Ane altar built at *Agamemnon's* cost
In honor of fair *Pallas* sacred Cell
When he was captain of the *Gratiame* host
Their, lyes a sword, a sheild, ane armour fair
Of woorth, of wounder, and of vertue rare.

34.

Feight not before yow haue this armour on
Whose woorth shall much aduance thy wondrous fame
For know this much before two dayes by gone
That *Pluto* has conspyrt to spoyle thy name.
For he has send the Feinds in legions forth
To seek to shame, to wrack, to staine, thy woorth.

And

THE HISTORIE

35.

And thus she vanisht quyt out of his sight
He wakeing one a suddane from his sleip
I thought this to be a fantasie too light
That from his humor'd braine did fondlie creip
Yet warlie did his thoughts one witt attend
Weying if good or ill theron depend.

36.

Aurora in her purple robe arose
Warning proud *Titan* for to light the day
And drew the courtens that did him disclose
In *Thetis* louelie armes that dalling lay
Who stole away and in the gloomie *East*
Reard vp about the *Earth* his flaming crest.

37.

How soone the Prince espyt his goldine light
He cald for *Mandadorus* Prince of *Mesore*
This *Mandadorus* was of greatest might
Of all his subiects saue the *Duke of Thesone*
To him he told his dreame who said your grace
May try't and trying lett the truth haue place.

38.

Wherfore he send and from his antient rounge
Could raise the altar wher they fand a stone
Of *Alabaſtre* builded lyk a *Toumbe*
In greik sum letters wer ingraft theron
Those we e the words (ingraft in gold so fyne
That now as first their lustre seem'd to shyne.

This

OF PENARBO and LAISSA

39.

This pretious stone and armour does retain
Whose woundrous woorth as yet shal no man know
Yntill the Spreit of them that lues in pain
Exne to a mightie stranger shall them show
Who with the same recalls relents, releifs,
Thrice Souls from paine, from death, frō Hells mischeifs

40.

Illid was the meaning darck the sentence seemd
Of all the truth they could not rype the ground
But this fair costlie armour as they deemd
Had at the famous wars of *Troy* beine found
Which graue and wyse *Cassandra* had inuented
For *Paris*, *Troys* seince fall to haue preuented.

41.

Lo thus it was she knowing by her art
The ruine of heau'n threatning *Troy* drew neer
And that proud *Paris* his vnjust desert
Should be the caus of such an endles weir
To him by art she had this armour wrought
That all the *Gods* decree might turne to nought,

42.

For she descending to the lowest Hells
Her mightie powre in magick force she shew
The greissie Ghosts stood trembling whill she tells
Her will in frameing of this armour new
Loath to prooyd remorse, remeid, releif
Who ley'd in blood, warre, murder, and mischeif.

Yet

THE HISTORIE

43.

Yett fear them forc't they durst not disobey
Her mightie art and all commanding will
For she with strainge characters could a lay
The pains of Hell from penishment of ill
Yea she the Suns diurnall course culd stay
And turne to darkest night the brightest day.

44.

And whill these feinds this armour fyne did make
They forgd the metall first in *Aetnas* flame
And temperd it into the *Stygiane* lake
With herbs of woundrous force amongst the same
That mighte strong enchantments can with stand
Yea sword, and fyre, and water, can command.

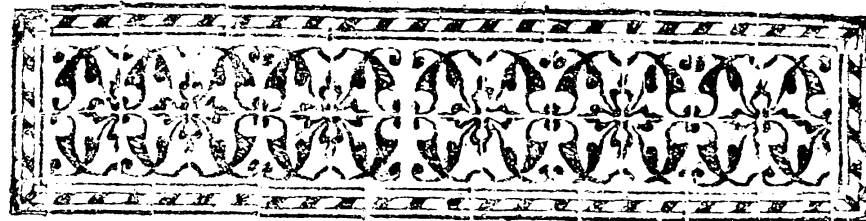
45.

Ioues douchter brought king *Agamemnon* furth
When she with them returning was to *Troy*
Who seing them of such a woundrous woorth
Bereft the graue *Cassandra* of her ioy
Who had with herbs and flams of *Flegitone*
Composd a strange and admirable stone,

46.

Which secretlie she in this armour sette
Whose vertue was his owner for to stay
From loue, and amorous desy's to lett
Arming the hart gainst all venereall play
For princelie *Paris* she deuy'd this traine
That he might render *Helene* back againe.

Capit



Caput. VIII.

Argument,

A Chaians fall fair *Pallas* doeth
Forse long tyme before
And that *Penardo* should them raise
Vnto their former gloir
The *Aeneins* *tuobatales* wine
And by the Prince *alaine*
The *Transylvanian* and the *Seruians*
Disput; both as slaine,

I.

*W*Hen as the *Greciane* gotte this armour lo
Ioues brain borne girl did gif him this command
That of this thing no creatur should know
Till he returnd vnto his native land
Wher to her name he should ane Altar rear
And secretlie inclose this armour theire.

2.

The which he did with duetifull regaird
According to heighe *pallas* her command
For loe that sacred altar vp he raird
Their vnder layd the armour which they fand
Wher it had lyine so many hundreyht yeirs
Vn-found vnmark'd vnkowne as it appeirs.

Sum

THE HISTORYE

3.

Sum sayes that bright warlyk pallas did forsie
Eune then, the ruine of *Achais* crowne
And that fair *Lissa* cause theirow should be
Trough hir great bewtie of so hye renoune
Thus she prouyds, forseis, preuents their fall
By means vn sought, or unrequird at all.

4.

This brought *Penardo* out of *Thessaly*
From torment this fair virgine to releas
So faites ordaind such was his destiny
So heauns decreed her torment thus should ceas
O mightie *Ioue* blest be thy sacred name
That so preuents, forseis, remeid, our shame.

5.

When they had brought this armour to the Prence
They fitted him so weell on euerie part
As if they had bene made for that pretence
Who thus acounter'd with a loffie harte
Lyk *Mars* him self his countenance he bar
That thundred furth blood, victorie, and war.

6.

This armour was with red vermilioned rosd
And spangled thick with starrs of *Indian* gold
Whose cornert point with diamonds imbold
And syluer branches that the starrs vphold
He goes they glance they shyne while as he sturd
Of all hes praid, regaird, loud, admyrd.

His

OF PENARDO and LAISSA

7.

His haunie helmer guildet all with gold
Whoes shynning brighnes trembling terror bred
Owr all his creist an *Eggle* did vnfold
His goldim winges which proude he ouerspred
The shynning helme and with his tallones wyde
He seemd to tear the metall in his pryde.

8.

Vpone his downie cronne their stood vpright
A bush of plumes discolored diuerslie
Spangled with spangs of gold and pearle whoes light
Daizied the sight of the beholder's eye
Their shaddowes in the *Eggle*'s eyes did glance
That seemd right glad of this their dalliance.

9.

So does a tall and loffie *Cedar* show
That growes on top of mightie *Parnass*'s montane
The myldest blast that *Zephyrus* can blow
Maks all his leaues to tremble on the fontane
Or *Cynthia* lyk in silent night that shawes
Her beam's to daunce and glance one *Thetis* wawes.

10.

Of burnisht steill his glanceing sheild It shone
The true prelage of his ensewing dayes
Wheir sat a lady on a crimsone throne
A knight lay prostrat at her feitt who sayes
Ah *Fates* your scarce Decree I surelie proue
That keeps her hart from all the darts of loue.

His

THE HISTORIE

11.

His mortall blad did semlie hing with hold
Within a syluer sheath wrought curiouslie
The hiltes wer of the fynnest burnisht gold
Which pearle and saphyre stones did beautefie
No metall nor enchantment could resist
This murkuring blade when euer his owner list.

12.

And armed thus he red vpon a ffield
Whoes pryd with pransing beatts the groncing ground
And champing on his foarme bitt with dreid
Wold seim with trampling noye the aer to wound.
By lostie volts and rauets shewing still
How glade he was to obey his masters will,

13.

Who manag'd him so weell at wilhit contents
With turns and curbits heir and their remoues
And when he flakt the rayns his lostie spreits
Wold skanflie tipp the trembling earth with houes
And glad of such a Maister matchles rare
With i swift impetuos speid wold peirce the aer.

14.

Off was his helme, his amorous face and eyes
Lyke Hesper shynd amongst the leiser lights
His countenance still promest victories
Fair smyling, sweitt, and pleasant in their sights
A light but fyre a hart but fear or dreid
A lamp vnquenchid a mynd vnconquered

Then

OF PENARDO and LAISSA,

15.

Then loue him self more sweitt his countenance
Wher grace lay hid in glancing beauties lap
Still sending with each smile, each look, each glance
A thousand amours that the senses rap
With all delight at last he breathed forth
True valour verrue wonder glorie worthe,

16.

Brave Bretherine and Companions all in weat
Remember your Foresathers lostie fear's
Our sweitt Thessalian soyle did only bear
Those mightie myndes that all the earth abais
Our natione with our Iason left their soyle
To gaine the glorie of the golden spoyle.

17.

What brauer spreits in Greece then hath bein ours
What greater glorie then our countrey war?
What manlie myndes and mightie Conquerours
But we may claime ay since the world began
Yea if we look our lyns discent and blonds
We'll shame to fle from worlds of multitudes.

18.

But leaue we honor, fame discent, and blood,
Remember onlie whom with all we deall
With Paganes, spoylars of the christian Good
The antient foes of Greece we must assayle
Nay soes I shame to call them not but Theues
On robrie theft, spoyle, prey, & pillage leaues,

F

Their

Their Captane strong Phelaston strongl known
 Tho cald so stout so strong so scarce in fight
 Tho Persians, Syrans, and Arabians too
 He foyle yet he not felt the Grecian might
 Those naked, bare, vnarmmed, fear maks fall
 Bot haunie Greeks surpas them, him, & all

20.

Great victorie by this brane seght shall come
 The daunger nothing and the labour small
 Some fearful strenghtles, hairtles, mightles, some
 Before our face they fear, they fle, they fall
 What need we mor bat kill tak, stay, and chase
 Enuy, stryf, discord, & brow them flies a pace.

21.

Whereat the armie gaue a ioyfull cry
 And willinglie they rank them selfs the while
 Their Captanes and commanders ioyfullie
 Did cheere them vp with the reward of spoyle
 Their breists at tweld with conquest courage wrath
 The roaring trumpet's sounds blood, warr, & death,

22.

The Prince his battells ordored in this sort
 By Mandadorus was the vnegaird led
 To whom tuo thousand fotemen did resort
 Of Aneans a thousand horse he had
 Who looks lyk hungrie Lyons whill they go
 That wrath warre blood & veangeace doeth foreflow
 Phenabon

23.

Phenabon prince of Thays the reirward had
 Equall in nombre wepins arm's deuyce
 Belmondo duke of Toropeia led
 The batall great that was as mony twyce
 All those for warre wer borne in warre they flourish
 In traueils great, great paine great danger nurish

24.

The Prince him self wold not in battell stand
 But with tuo thousand mightie men of armes
 Would geue supplie wheir any want he fand
 And with fresh ayde would still reuenge their harmes
 Whille as he said Braue Brotheris let me see
 That if they fle thei'r slaine, if seght they die.

25.

Now by this tyme the Prince Phelaston had
 Hrs armie weel in battell ranck arayed
 And with new hope their fanting harts he fed
 That nothing now but courage in them stay it
 His vnegaird was fyue thous and at the least
 Led by a migtie Pagane Alpharest.

26.

Lagone the reirwaird led a Pagane good
 Wheir was fyue thousand bold strong hardy stout
 And with him self the greatest battell stood
 Ten thousand strong but fear but care but doubt
 Thus martching both they ioune the trumpetts sounds
 At whoes hudge noyes both heauen'e & earth redounds
 Fij Lyk

THE HISTORIE

27.

Lyke to the blasts of boystrous *Boreas*
That hurl's with haillie wings from hiest heau'ne
With thundering royes and threatning glorious
To shak the Earths fundatione fondlye dreven
Blasting the heauens' that back redounds his blowes
Beating' the earth and billowing Seas that shower,

28.

With swelling waues to soare in lottie skyes
Disdaining the gouernement he keip's
Thath causeth all their warrie empyr's ryes
From silent moueing in the lowest deip's
Raising hudge mont's one *Neptun's* azure plaine
In foamic drops he throwes them doune againe.

29.

And vp agane through aerie waulks from sea's
His bloustring blast from North to South he sends
Crushing the clouds that fast before him flies
Together dash't their broken ranks discends
In tearie drops as if they seem'd to weip
That he so great gouernament should keip,

30.

Eune so these mightie men of armes did crusse
With furious strenght their weapones each on other
Hudge drops of bloode in stream's did alwayes gush
The streams in floods the fluds brought Seas together
Thar drops, and strems & floods, & seas took pairs
To drinshe, to dashe, to dreune, the Martial hart.

The

OF PENARDO and LASSA

31.

The rank's that stiflie stands agenst ther foes
Fall's doune in slap's waltring in bloodie stryn'ds
Wheron freshe ranks (still marching brauely goes
Out ou'r the bellies of their deing freinds
Not yelding to their foes till ether syde
Does sacrafice their soules to swelling pryde

32.

Now whilst on eurie syd they fearlie figh
The wantguards met with mightie strength and bolls
Wher *Alpharest* the Pagane shew his might
Before his feet lay manie deing gholste
Till *Mandadorus* saw such hauok their
Wher *Alpharest* did feight he did repair.

33

And *Alpharest* (that lyk a Lyoun bears
Him self) espyd the Prince of *Meson* by
To red him self of commone souldours feirs
His bloes seem'd lightning thundert throw the sky,
And then he lent the Prince a mightie bloc
That almost from his horse he forced him goe

34.

But he acquyts him lighting on his hand
That hand and sword, and all, fell to the ground
And wher his visar louse he lykewayes fand
He made him, their receaue his fatall wound
The Pagans now began to fear and fant
When as their mightie leader thus they want,

F iij

APB

And by this tyme the greatestt battel flies
 Eune their wheir as the *Transylvanian* stonde
 For that Penardo with his fierthe supplies
 Had brok in throw their rancke embrew'd which blood
 So that in generall all began to flie
 Except *Phelaston* their would braueliedie

36.

And sure that day his admirable might
 If I could pas vntold I wer to blame
 For that him self alone in single fight
 Had slaine thie knights of great and famous name
Lighthorn, Guelpho, Meldabred, at lenth
 By cruell death had felt his mighte strength

37.

Nor those alone by his accursed hand
 Dep'yd of lyfe of soule of breath did lye
 But *Oerard, Ormond, Groian*, by his brand
 Were slane all Knights of noble progenie
 With many mo he in that fatall stryfe
 Hurt, feld, or bruis'd, or then bereft of lyfe.

38.

Penardo still that followed on the chaise
Belmondo and *Phenabon* he espy'd
 Both by one Knight wer put to great distres
 Ther armour all with crimsons blood was dy'd
 In greatestt hast if he had not come to theme
 That Knight alone was lyke for to vndo theme.

Yet

Yet wondrous that such woundrous force could be
 In one to foyle such famous Knights as they
 And pitecing hat o her syde should die
 He trustt him self betuein and bids them stay
 And to *Phelaston* sayes heir ar no foes
 Bot from his brand he answerd him whitte blood.

40.

Then he commands those tuo to stande asyde
 The furious Pagane feiresie he assaild
 His thrifte blade oft in his bloode he dyed
 At euerie stroak his armour he dismaild
 With equall strengthe the Pagane countervaild him
 Showing his woundrous valour no thing faild him.

41.

The Pagane raisd his sanguin sword on hie
 Discharging blowes vpon his helmet strong
 Whill fyrie starr's out of his eyes did flie
 His mounth furth-casting streams of bloode along (dre
 Wherefore he now with wrath shame raige & wounde
 Send blocs lyik lightning tempest, storme, & thunder.

42.

Theirwith redoubled was the Pagans ire
 Who said shall one poore knight my strenth recall
 And so agane the Prince receaud his hyre
 That tuye he reild and reddie tuye to fall
 At last he blush't for shame, & shook for wrath
 Requyting shame which foyle, disgrace with death.

F iij

Thi

This was the *Transylvanian* fierce and strong
Whom he had slaine, and forward then he past
And put him self among's the Pag'anes throng
Which scattred chac'd, & slaine to ground he cast
As sand before the northerne blast furth flie
So fled those troups, & fleeing fall's, and deis,

Wenice with killing then they sound retrace
From sending Pagans souls to *Plutes* ports
Where of a now I cease for to repait
Whill as to them more danger still resorts
For loe a greater host they might descry
With standarts wafting in the ætic sky.

Amaz'd they stoode and knew not what it meind
At last the Prince vndanted courage shew
By trumpets sound he causd them be conueind
And thus said he itt is not tyme to reu
Keip what your valour courage might & strength
Has brauele wone, and win you shall at lenche.

Back then your selfs while Courage you releene
Let fear flie hence to mynds effeminat
These mynds to martiall glory doos atchyue
Whos lyfes to hafards bold ar consecrat
Doe from your hands, your swords your harts, your chief
Strength, valour, conquest victorie furth flie.

Then

Then willinglie they call for battell new
Still thirsting after glorie to aspyre
Their bloodles face and trembling voices shew
That wrath within their breist had kendled fyre
The warre-lyk noyes of trumpets roaring breath
Secird horse to courage and the men to wrath,

And now began the feght more sharpe, and thin
Now their encounters crewell hand to hand
The *Datians* feghts to keip what they had win;
The *Grecians* to releue their native land
Their victorie and courage mand the feild
Their come reuenge to force those tuo to yeild,

Yet wer the *Datians* stout in daungers strong
Their bodies freshe not woundit bruist nor bleeding
Their first assault was scarce and lasted long
Them selfs within the *Gretians* ground intruding
But Prince *Penardo* blamd their fainting harts
Whose braue example promeisd heighe deserts.

And formast then he led them throw their foes
With deip impressiones in theis Squadrons great
His sword so broad a way had made for thoes
That followed him with hope, strength, raige, despy.
While now the *Datians* seemd to rander back
Their new rest ground a reall mends to mask,

But

THE HISTORIE

§1.

But not content with this him self he thrust
With his braue garde of Princes lords and Knights
Gainst the great bodie of the battell first
The which he shuk and brack with stragling flights
Transported so with courage might and strengthe
Furth throw his foes he leaues his garde at lengthe.

§2.

Where he his ouerflowing valour shewes
His sword that seemd his danger for to know
Such hauck made among his fainting foes
That he was strong'ie now intrinsit. and foe
Deid corps wer forts whoes bloodie ditches shooes
Feir, terrour, dreid, and death to all his foes.

§3.

Braue *Brando* than the *Seruiant* drawing neir
The great Commander of these mightie maits
Began his woundrous valour to admeir
Heloud his deids though their effects he haits
This was the *Seruiant* *Disput* whom before
Phelaston send his ayde for to implore.

§4.

Penardo slew and hurt and chac'd his foes
None leu'd but these who fled his angrie wrath
He lyke a wyld and hungrie Lyone goes
From place to place and with him dreidfull death
But seing then no foe gainststands his rage
He staves and staying does his wrath aswage.

As

OF PENARDO and LAISSA

§5.

As winds gainstand by woods hills tours or walls
The buildings shaks and tries by roots uptears
Whil ouer the oppin plains he myldlie swalls
Eune so *Penardos* wrath he calmly beirs
When none his strength his will his raige assayld.
But *Brando* him at length to feight appeald.

§6.

And whill their eyes did draw them both in fight
Their mynds consents to combat not agring
Where with they now begine a famous fight
Whoes brauery was beheld with thousands deinge
Who raid their heids a loft their lyfes renew
In deaths despyght that combat for to yew.

§7.

Their noyes how much in ferious to the rest
So much superiour they in skilfull fight
Their courage was by skill gouerned best
Their skill secundit by their strength and might
Their terrour pleasur shewes, vnto the eye
Where strength with skill & witt with wrath agrie.

§8.

Both valiant and both despying death
Both confident not v'd to be ow'r come
Yet doubtfull bothe bothe forced to draw their braithe
Vniting all their strength they chang'd their rounge
With leaps and turn's, their hands wer agill parts
Watchfull their eyes and resolute their Haris.

Each

Each stryuing still as Conquerour to be
 Their bloes lyk thunder lights on eury syde
Brando(that nere before such force did sie)
 Thus to be matcht for rage and swelling pryde
 He thinks of this their fight to mak an end
 With all his force a furious bloe he send,

Which lighted on *Penardos* head so sore
 That his remembrance left her batterd ludge
 At which aduantage he redoubling more
 Had seafles leyd him with his bloes so hudge
 The Prince with shame & paine enduring longe
 His bloes so heauie great, fore scarce, and strong.

But then o then who would haue sein his face
 Shame in his cheks reuenge into his eyes
 And now to win his honor lost apace
 He waits till fitt aduantage he espyes
 Vniting raige, and kill, & strength in one
 He lights vpon his helmet which anone,

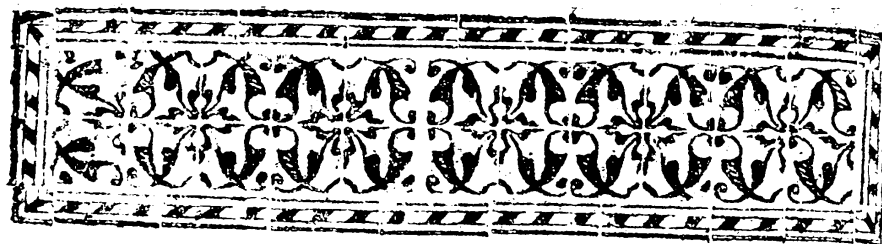
He claue; the murdring blade that doune warde forc't
 Maks passage for his soule whom he commands
 To ouerrune *Phelastons* wearye *Ghoste*
 And first to gett a kisse of *Plutes* hands
 And tell him from *Penardo* that he will
 With *Paganes* soules his darkest regions fill,

The *Dations* that saw their Campione fall
 Began to mak their feitt their best defence
Penardo and his chosen traine with all
 So stuf the chace that in their fleing hence
 Tuelue thousand skars assuadged their furious haire
 While sable darknes made them found retrait.

This was beginning of *Penardos* praise
 This tyme, his fame through all the earthe proccide
 This day, his tropheis to the heauns did raise
 This was the birth day of his valorous deids
 That hard it was to iudge in generall
 Whither he was most loud, or feird of all.

But *Night* that for her nevoyes did lament
 In sable black attyre beuayl'd their woe
 Hanging her head sad, louring, dis content
 That day their shame vnto the world should show
 To keip vnknowne their fault, their flight, their feir
 She darknes breath'd throw heaune throw earth throw
 (act)

And by this tyme the skoutes and watch was set
 The Captanes brings their lord into his tent
 Then eury man vnto his rest was let
 That efer paine sum pleasur might be lent
 Thus being caicles of their farther stryfe,
 This first night was the last night of their lyfe.



Caput. IX.

Argument,

THe Aeneans full of fortitude
With valourous d'spyt
Encounters mightie Sigismund
And all his armie grypt
But they ar slaine, Penardos deids
Wins glorie and renoune
Old Grodan comes to his releif
And vanquishd Sigismund.

1.

WHen of bright heaune the orientall gate
Lok gliftring gold wyde oppin did appeir
Wher *Phœbus* in his glorious coathe was sett
From wearie night both heaune and earth to cleir
His goldin loks about his shoulders lyes
That throwes their gliftring beams throw gloomie
(skyes)

2.

And daunceing now one trembling *Thetis* bak
Penardos skoutts they doe returne on hast
And shew the Prince that they had sein the tract
Of more then fourscor thousands at the least
With goldin arm's and syluer shynning sheilds
That march'd within a league out ow'r the feilds,

This

OF PENARDO and LAISSA

3.

This was great *Sigismund* ye hard of yore
Whom *Brando* did aduertis long ago
Who hard of these that fled the day before
Of all that past into the battells tuo
And hasting to reuenge his subjects lost
Was come to near with this his mightie host.

4.

Great is that woundrous vertue can resist
And boidlie feght gainst all extremitie
That for no fear of danger will desist
From honors deids, disdainng miserie
Nor for no force can euer be forced to zeild
Bott gainst all daunger proues a mightie sheild.

5.

(This vertue rare) feare fortitude does claime
As due to her, that for no greif can groane
Her works ar constant and she feirs no shame
For reassone reuls her stayd opinione
She works by courage and true valour gyds her
She feirs no foe, nor from no hazard hyds her.

6.

If fortitude haue in our mynds no place
Nor rewil as souering *Qnene* ore all the rest
Owr works owr deides our actiones has no grace
Shs wyslie ponders both the warst and best
To lyfe she geues a lustre radiant
And crown's our deids with honors ornament.

For

For lo indeid the braue *Theſſalians*
 Wer cround with all the fruits of *Fortitude*
 Firſt in their mynds was great magnificence
 Attempting things heighe excellent and goode
 Nixt confidence in their moſt valiant hairts
 Bred hope of goode euent for their deſerts.

8.

And thridlie patience was their mightie guyde
 In ſuffring for their, countrey and their fame
 And laſtly with perſeueranc'e did abyde
 In their opinione fermelie fearing ſhame
 Yea euen one with o'her ſeemd to ſtryve
 Who beſt ſhould uſe theſe vertues four alyve.

9.

Which pitie drawes from roode *Barbarian* haies
 The feirceſt Tyrants crewell mynd doeth wound
 To liethem (whoes vnmachable deſerts
 Deſeruis with endles glory to by cround)
 Feght in their owne defence half dround in blood
 Not ſlaine but ſmotherd with huge multitude.

10.

Their matcheles mightie Gen'rall was not laſt
 That braue *Penardo* whom the world admire
 Whom death nor danger could not make agaſt
 In him truc valorous *Fortitude* appeirs
 Who Angel-lyk in voyce, in face, in ſpeiche;
 Thus ſweetlie, meeklie, homely did beſeiche,

My

My Friends (quod He) of you I made a choiſe
 Not for your valours proof ſo much of fame
 Not euen becauſe I knew you to be thoſe
 That more account did make of honors Name
 Nor goods nor riches, wordly welth, nor gaine
 Nor lyf, nor death, nor pleaſure, nor of paine.

12.

This Honor now which you ſo long haue ſought
 Whereof ſo cairfully you make account
 So well, you haue atchyd the deirlye bought
 That to hir throne this laſt day you did mount
 Lo now this day ſhe offers for to croune you
 And make the world yea heaue it ſelf renown you.

13.

For Honors croune ſo precious is, that nought
 Within the ten fold orbs of heau'ne, remains
 Compar'd to it, the, whiche has ay bein ſought
 And for it all the world has tane ſuche pains
 From age to age from tyme to tyme we ſee
 All ſues for Honour glorie dignitie.

14.

For euen the beſeſt ſort will not reſuſe
 Paine trauell danger yea nor death at length
 For it; whill as the brauer mynds do chuſe
 With hazards great to win that glorious ſtrength
 So did the Macedonian bold and ſtout
 That victor went the ſolid glob throughout

G

Still

THE HISTORIE

15.

Still carles he, still fearles did he venter
Perswadit still to win and neuer to lose
No thought of lose into his mynd could enter
Such was his courage gainst his fainting foes
By his ards, Fortunes thus his walth dispos
For hope bred Hap, and Honor both at ones,

16.

Who gainst great Darius Monarch of the east
Twyce fought and yet not thoyce our number past
Four hundreth thousand Persicans at the last
Encounterd him yet wan he first and last
But you may say they wer the Greeks that war
Ar we not Greeks as well as they wer than.

17.

Was we ar Greeks Honor for vs preferus
The crowne he took such travell to obtaine
Twyce was he proued wheir to his courage ferns
Vs also twyce, the thrid does yit remain
The which she keeps that we may win the crowne,
With al his fame, his glorie, his renoune.

18.

Then deirest freinds consider what we ar
And who we ar, of whom we ar descendit,
To win the crowne we ventred haue to far
If lyf in death, honor in shame be endit
This jemme, this crows, this garland you should haue
Shall those weak, feble, faint, from you bereaue,

No

OF PENARDO and LAISSA.

19.

No no but let vs ayre at Honor euer
Base fear dar not assaile a mightie mynd
Let honest shame vs guide and let vs neuer
Care for this lyfe once we must die by kynd
A noble hart has only to his lot
To fear for nothing bot dishonors blot

20.

The happiest Prince that ou'r a Natione regnat
Is he whose people standeth more in aw
Of filthie shame or of dishonors stings
Then of the strengest or severest law
Then let me haue that happie Prince his station
And let you be that euer happie Nations.

21.

Nether deir Bretherien do as I haue sayde
Bot also as my deids shall after show
Before your eyes instructiounne haue I layde
And next myne owne example shall ye know
As He who by your valours must obtain
The greatest glorie that on erth remains;

22.

Then galents show your selfs true Greeks in weare
And onlie ask wheir is your Enemis
True Greeclians disdaine for to inqueir
What numbre or what multitude they be
For in their multitude their Hope remains
Bot truest valour victorie obtains.

Gij

With

THE HISTORIE

23.

With those his words his face did shyne so cleir
That conquest flow'd in streams from his fair eyes
And on his louely forehead did appeir
Grace, valours, woorth, triumphant victorie
Yea from his look (as from a *Dyamont* stone)
Come victorie that sparkled gan't & shone

24.

And then this litle handfull did beginne.
Whith cheirfull shouts for batel new to call
So willing wer they honor for to win
That eu'ne the lam'd and deidly woundit all
From camp from tent from trinsles came to proue
If sight of deidle wounds reweinge could moue

25.

And such as might for battel did prepair,
Others that wanted legges and armes did crye
Reuenge our blood whill as their wounds they tear
That their hote blood the armie might espy
Whoes harts whith angrie wo began to swell
All swearing to reuenge or die withall

26.

The gallant Prince *Penarado* did reiois
To sic their willing minds And thus he sayde
(Eu'ne with a cheirfull and couragious voice)
Greeks ar not borne (quod he) to be affrayde
Theffalians can feir nothing at all
While thei'r on earth except the Heaun's down fall.

Eu'ne

OF PENARDO and LAISSA.

27.

Eu'ne as the Lyone when he seis his foe
Dath raise his taill and beat him self so sore
Till kending wruth his breist does ouer floe
And then his couragie hot begins to rore
At whoes dreid noyes all beafts with trembling feare
His pray with pawes he crushes rents and tears.

28.

Eu'ne so *Penarado* in his princelic mynd
Wold neids accuse him self of dastard fear
Which so inflam'd his courage stout by kynd
The Lyons braue example he wold bear
He feghts, he stricks, he turns to eu'ry hand
He wounds, he kills who ewet did him with stand.

29.

And thus his back his gliftring armour fair
He showes his souldiours & his foes his face.
Which was the harangue he could best prepair
Wheir by he sharps their courage whith such grace
That roaring trumper's sounds whith dreidfull feare
And thunders furth death murther blood & wear.

30.

Their mettings terrible on both the sydes
Their salutatione was a warre-lyk noyes
Of snow whyt lances whill their mightie guyds
Hade dy't their whyt in blood lyk crimsons rose
Others in flinders flie to tear the skyes
Becaus on earth they mist their enterpryse.

Gij

Their's

THE HISTORIE

31.

Their nothing hard but dashing armour still
Crushing of staves and jussling bodies loe
That sharpest swords resounding bloes did kill
Whose harsh and iarring musick mad a show
As beautified with greislines of wound's (sounds
With shours, with cryes, with groines, with ghostlie

32.

Their horses died bereth their Maisters deing
And some that in their lyfe their Maisters buir
In death wer borne by them their others flying
To seek some ryders that wold sit more sure
Their some with agonising death that stryue
Tears vp the earth entombs them selfs alyue

33.

And yet no sword did pay to *Plutos* croune
Of Paganes soull's so large a tribut still
As did *Penardos* brand, who tending doune
Legions that emptie kingdome for to fill
His wrath his raige his anger cost theme deir
Death on his sword most vglie did appeir.

34.

Those warlyk *Aeneans* of *Theßaly*
Wold merchants proue to sell their lyues and all
Yea sure the Paganes thought their merchandrie
So deir as all their vantage was bot small
For syue to one they pay whill as they sie
A Squadron flesh appeir into their eye

The

OF PENARDO and LAISSA.

35.

They seemd aboue syue thous and to appeir
That all *Achaians* wer of courage braw
Who of the former victorie did heir
For which to render thank them selfs they shaw
Andromodane led forth the those troupes so long
Stout hardy bold aduenterous and strong.

36.

The *Aeneans* their rancks wer now bot thinne
Till this new force their courage did renew
And as they wer but new for to beginne
A freshe assault they gauc wherein they shew
That they from braue *Achilles* wer discendit
Who was so much throughout the world commendit.

37.

The *Latians* their ground begane to lose.
Whil *Sigismund* preuenting when he saw
Sent *Dinamon* that brother germane was
Vnto that vmghile Prince *Phelaston* braw
And with him sent bands, legiones, squadrones stoue
Encompassing syde, wing, flank, front about

38.

Now was their last destructione drawing neere
Now their incompast in one euery syde
Though *Terroure* shew her self at first r'appeir
Deckd with the gold of shynning armours pryde
Yet now for bloode wrath yre & raige she shook
Dreidfull her face, and terrible her lookes.

G iijj

Will

THE HISTORIE

39.

With earthe with dust with blood wer all imbrev
Ther brokin armour and their mangled fleshe
Which seemt a burthene to their soules that rewit
Their purest Essence was defylde no less
Sum vpwart mountes reuenge in heau'ne to call
And others draw'ne by *Pluto's* garde to Hell.

40.

But neither could those daungers dreidfull be
Nor could they seeme as daungers to the mynd
Of braue *Penardo* whoes all conquering eye
Shew how his hart to furie was inclynd
They fall, they feir, they flie, wher ere he foughe
Death on his sword, reuenge into his thought

41.

As thunders beats which lighning from the sky
Heighcours tall *Cedars* mightie *Roks* to ground
As scarce tempestuous wind with angrie tway
The rypned corne & graine to earth has bound
So wher he goes to earth they tumbel all
Sum hurt, sum slaine, & sum for fear does fall

42.

When *Dinamon* his valour did espy
Who knew that by his sword his brother dyie
He sought him through the battell couriouslie
Whoes deids might easily mak him espyt
That which his sword had made so spacious roun
As he had knowne the combat was to cum

And

OF PENARDO and LAISSA

43.

And thus they both approatching each to other
Hate in them both had steird desyre of tryall
They thus begane a combat both together
Wher courage, witt, nor strength mak no denyall
With rage and furie cache one ather throwes
Yet by their witt and skill they deall their bloes.

44.

And still the more they feght they more desyre
The more they smart the les they feill their paine
And quicklie now to know the victors hyre
They neids wold try their valour once againe
They stryue by might by skill by strength & proues
Wher valour most abyds whom *Farsane* loues.

45.

Penardo lookt about and did espy
About thrie hundred of his deirest *Mates*
Whoes mangled fleshe with purple painting dy
Had mask'd them vp with horrors dreidfull teares
And that no more of all his syd wer left
The rest of lyfe (thogh not of honor) rest.

46.

Eunc now and not till now began his hart
To swell with sorow greif and kyndest loue
Ah who wold now haue sein his face conuert
His eyes that wount with furious flammes, to moue
His browes wher anger satt in maiestie
His countenance wher courage went to lye.

All

THE HISTORIE

47.

All these wer banisht quyt, his cheirfull ey
Was dround with tears the flames wer quyt put out
His countenance was sorowfull to see
His browes had sednes louring round a boue
His hart the seat of his all conquering mynd
To sighes to griefes to sorowes was inclynd.

48.

But Dinamon that saw him so amaiz'd
Sayd knight my sword shall chainge the yet moir strainge
Where would thou flie thou hes but fondlie gaiz'd
My Brothers Ghost too long abyds reuenge
Where fore he reuents his force againe
And said proud Knight yle make thee proue with paine.

49.

I send thy brother to the *Stygiane* laick
But to prepair the passage for thy ghoste
Thow staves too long receaue this for his sake
And with the worde the bloes redoubled most
That eurie bloe stroaue to be formeest still
To mak the Paganes soule run post to Hell.

50.

At last one bloe he gaue whoes force was such
As rest not lyfe but sensles has him made
And as a lyone that disdaines to tutch
A man but weapins at his mercie layde
So scornes the Knight to spend his force in vaine
One foes that flies, or feirs, or faints for paine.

With

OF PENARDO and LAISSA.

51.

With wrath and hote desyre for to reuenge
He thrusts him self in throw the ranck's and made
A longe broad way, one euerie syde a rainge
Lyke to a wall of Paganes corps was layde
Such woundes their he wrought that one might say
Hewas the Paganes sepulchre that day.

52.

Still preasing forward at the last he saw
Ten Pagane Knights incompast round, asayes
To kil tuo galant Knights whom he did know
Belmuudo and *Phenabon* prince of *Thais*
Who stood so stronglie to their owne defence
That other ten they had dispatched thence.

53.

But then he fies *Belmuudo* fall to ground
The Prince of *Thais* so wearie was withall
That he drew neir vnto his fatall wound
One him the bloes lyke lightning doune did fall
Their *Prison* was and *Prises* his sone
That o're *Moldavia* regn's and beirs the croune.

54.

These tuo did Prince *Phenabon* greatest harme
Whose lostie courage still disdaind to yeild
Till breathles he, and strengthles was his arme
Loodles him self but bloodie was the scild
Yet fighting still he still doth scorne to flie
Not they but death obtained the victorie.

Their

THE HISTORYE

55

Their Captains hart with pittie ouersete
In him greiff sorrow rage and furie stay
With his fyne sword he maid a spacious gete
All these wer kild that did impasse his way
At last he came wheir *Vrson* did most harme
Who felt the weyght of his all-conquering arme.

56.

One blow did part his body from his heid
The which his Sone young *Vrsides* espyd
With furious bloes he one *Penardo* layde
Railling and cursing all his Gods he cryd
Ah *Vrsone Vrsone* deir and with the word
In his hart bloode *Penardo* drinsht his sword.

57.

The rest that saw the Prince was so offendit
Took them to flight and left him all alone
They thought it was sum God that had discendit
To punishe them for their presumption
Such woundrous deids as this one Knight had wrought
Belong'd to none but to a God they thought.

58.

To *Sigismond* they brought thir newes in hast
That *Vrsides* and *Vrson* both wer slaine
Eune by a God or els sum feind at least
For no such strength in mortalls could remaine
Euphrastes heiring of this valour strainge
Desyre did burne his breist with hote reuenge.

Euphrastes

OF PENARDO and LAISSA

59.

Euphrastes was a mightie Pagane strong
He had *Vrsides* sister to his wyfe
Who efter wrought *Penardo* mekle wrong
And wrapt him in mischeif and endles stryfe
But lett ws show *Euphrastes* his pretence
That called was of *Transylvania* Prence.

60.

Who throw the battell has *Penardo* fought
Till in the bodie of the battell grytt
He saw them running heir and their he thought
Their ranckes wer brokin & disordred quyt
At last he saw and seing did admeir
One Knight that wounders wrought as did appeir.

61.

Eune as a wolf amid the fleecie hearde
Some chace sum slay some tear crush ryue and tack;
Or lyk a boare whoes face the ratches feard
(Finding the stolne aduantage of his back)
Will preas to wound, yet does but moue to wrath
Who in his furie crusheth them to death.

62.

Eune so this Knight with furious rage does tear
All whom he fand his noble brand dispatcht
Such heaps wer slaine that all the rest did fear
And now th'aduantage of his back they watcht
He stricks he wards he taks he turn's he payes;
Behind, before, and round about him layes.

Euphrastes

Euphrastes much admeird his val'reurs deids
And knew him for *Vrsides* cause of deathe;
Wherefore he forward vnto him proceede
And said leaue of Sir Knight and turne thy wrath
Gainst him who better can abyde thy strength
And for thy deids shall chastise thee at length,

Indeid *Euphrastes* was a gallant Knight
Who nere before encountred with a foe
But chese whom still he vanquesh in the fight
With foyle, flaine, death, and euercleeting woe
Now breathd he wrath, warre, vengeance, furth lyke
But braue *Penardo* from a Pagane took (smook

A stronge and mightie launce, into his hand
Where with so scarce encounter did he make
That neither shield nor armour could with stand
Till the steill head appeird behind his bak
Now fell he to the ground alreddie ded
Whose name to all the east great terrour bred.

The Paganes feir'd and woundred much to sie
That Prince in whom their greatest hope did ly
By this one Knight so ouerthrowne to be
Wherefore in great dispaire and rage they cry
Ah Gods iniust how long will yow delay
With lightning from the heauens this Knight to slay.
Thus

Thus running on him mad with furie, beats
In euery part and thought with bloes to end him
But he who litle feard of all their threats
With such a woundrous valour did defend him
That they assaill in vaine and make a choise
In seeking of his lyfe their owne to lose,

The tribute of his wrath them deirlye cost
For all the ground their bodies deid did fill
So that it seemd in all this mightie host
Their wer not men anew for him to kill
At last he came where *Sigismund* abad
Where threttie thousand Knights on horsebak rad,

And their one blow he did not spend in vaine
At euery stroak he send a soule to Hell
And still their places being fild againe
He send them all alyk with deing baill
When as by *Sigismund* he was espyde
Who send a Squadrone fresh to quell his pryde.

And then with long sharpe launces all these bands
Bore him and horse and all vnto the ground
Yea surelie he had ou'r-schapt their hands
But that this purest remainder him found
Tho hurt and deillie wounded still they fight
Led by that Prince that *Mandadorus* heght,

Whose

Whose woundrous feits I did too long forget
 Four valiant Pagans flew he hand to hand
 At last with Sigismund him self he mett
 Who of his mightie prowes suirlye fand
 He bett him to the ground with might & maine
 With strength woorth valour victorie disdain.

But when he seis the Prince he neids wold a
 The laistest part of this sad tragœdie
 His mangled band still following on his tract
 Wheir as the Prince defends him valiantlie
 Off bet to ground yet still in feight proceids
 Strange was his valour, wonderfull his deids

Thus while he fought expecting nocht but death
 This band wold die and by their death releiuie him
 Showing such valour in their deing wrath
 They flie they fall they die that first drew neir him
 And Mandador from his owne horse did light
 Horsing the Prince with valour strength and might

While this small handfull held them altogether
 They red vnto them selfs a spacious rounge
 But still fresh bands of men resorting thither
 Left them their armour for their brauest rounge
 Yet fame their *Trophees* eterneiz'd with ioye
 Which tyme nor death nor hell could not destroy.

But

But *Mandodorus* that one foote did rest
 Who to his Prince had lent his horse before
 Whas with the multitude so sore oppress
 That he to deathe his tribut does restor
 Thryce happie he who bought which deaths expence
 From death his Lord his leadder and his Prince.

By this a mightie armie drawing neir
 Their speedie pace presaid a sharpe reuenge
 Whille as the *Darians* harts began to feir
 Els wearied with their battell past so strange
 Recuilling back with feir fall flight and deathe
 But they persue with rage blood murder wrath.

This was king Grodane and his mightie host
 Who raizing, *Phocis* walls was come to ayde
 His sone but (eing all his armie lost
 Amaiz'd he gaiz'd astonisht wheir he red
 The act incredible the murder strainge
 Wheir valour stroake with *Fortune* chance & chainge

Then brunt with greif wo, sorow, wraith & ire
 Reueinge from wo and pitie did redoune
 Swelling about the bancks of his desyre
 And send vp floods of tears his eyes to droune
 So brooks ore flowes their banks with late false raise
 The brook a river, river growes a maine

H

Reuenge.

Reuenge reuenge, ah deir reuenge ah care
 Care stopt his breath with greif rage anger woe
 This harang so did shap their mynd's to wear
 All cryd reuenge reuenge the trumpets blow
 Their foes that flies they kill, chace, slay not tak
 Till night her friends wrapt in her mantle black.

80.

Yet still reuenge and kill the armie calls
 Blood blood kill kill reuenge reuenge we most
 Whill tuentie thousand dead before them falls
 The king that feird his only Sone was lost
 Caus'd found retreat & sadlie now he murns
 When lo *Penardo* frome the chace returns,

81.

And falling one his kneis before his Syre
 He craues him pardone for this great mischeif
 His willingnes for honor to a pyre
 Had bene the caus of all their greatest greif.
 Offourtein thousand which he brought away
 Their was not tuentie left alyue that day,

82.

Wheirof the King was wofull when he hard
 But glaid his onlie Sone deid liue and lo
 His ioyfulnes his sorow quyt debar'd
 He was desyrus all the trowth to know
 Which when he heirs of all that does proceed
 He thinkst a bloodie victorie indeid

He causd to searche the feild wheir as he found
Andromodane and *Mandador* the fair
Belmundo and *Phenabon* whom entoumbd
 He causd to be in glorious sepulchair
 Those lyns intert their fame to testifie
 To aige to tyme to endles memorie,

The Epitaphie of *Mandadorus*.

HEir *Mandadorus* lyes
 Of *Melion* ynghill Prince
 That left his native soyle to feght
 In *Greecian* defense
 Of braue *Achilles* stok
 He had his Pedegrie
 The chiefe of the *Achaens*
 That duelt in *Thebaly*
 Of suche a mightie mynd
 And suche a trustie faith
 That willinglie he pay'd the ran
 Soune of his Princes death.

The Epitaphie of *Andromadian*.

Heir lyes *Andromadane*
 The braue *Achaian* loe
 That payd his lyf for tribut of
 His countrey to his foe

Hi

The

THE HISTORIE

The Epitaphe of Belmundo

HEir lyes Belmundo fair
 Whoes honorable Name
 Is left in cronicles of Tyme
 To eternize his Fame
 A Greciane, true he was
 And died in Greece defence
 Of Thessaly and Aeneas
 Of Toropeya Prince
 So famous for his worth
 And woorthie for his works
 That Tyme and fame in memorie
 And glorie him inbarks.

The Epitaphe of Phenabon.

HEir does Phenabon ly
 That thryce renowned Lord
 Of Thay's that Paganes mightlie
 Disdain't desyt abhorde
 Who diet in the defence
 Of Grece his native land
 O happie He who doing did
 His countreyes fall with stand
 Then who scer beholds
 Those Tumbs in passing by
 Learne to defend they Countreys weck
 Or in defence to dy

Wherby

OF PENARDO and LAISSA.

Wherby thou shalt attaine
 To glorie and renowne
 To honor fame and dignitie
 To an celestiall crowne.

84.

This haueing done with cost and large expence
 The King encoumb'd the Pagane Princes loc
 The Seruain and the Transiluanian Prince
 Euphrates Vrsor Vrsides also
 And causd insert their praises due theirone
 Which tyme has rold in blak obluione

45.

But we'll retorne to Sigismund agane
 And of his new discomfite armie shoe
 Wher surelye of ane hundreth thousand men
 Wer skairfle fourtie thousand left and loc
 These wried hurt, fled, feird, with feght so strange
 Had left no hand, sword, hairt, for to reuenge.

46.

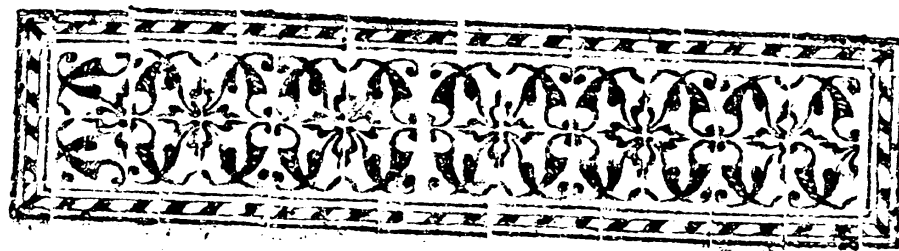
Wher fore he hyes him home in greatestt hast
 Whill losse and shame was all the wealth he gain'd
 Penardo now in sorow, sadlie plac'd
 Eu'ne for his freinds stil murning had remain'd
 At last he stealls trougout the camp alone
 In desert wyld for to bewaill and mone.

H in

Now

New am I forc'd to leaue the gratulatione
 Wheir with the *Achaians* did commend the King
 To show *Penardo's* haples constellatione
 His angrie Starr's so mightelie did regne
 But loe his mother died with in short space
 Whiche made his father home retorne his pace

Penardo goes throw manie diuerse wayes
 Till bright *Apollo* drentht his go'din hayre
 In westerne stream's then down him self he lay's
 His wearie horse to pastur did repair
 When to our hemisphere the sable night
 From *Erebus* blak house hade tane her flight.



Caput. X.

Argument.

PEnardo by a vision warn'd
 Does pas through Pluto's Pore
 He kild a Gyant, when to him
 A Virgine does resort
 Who leids him throw a dreidfull caue
 Wheir fearfull ghosts abyde
 He finds a deing Knight that shows
 What t'haire should him besyde.

I.

THe mightie mynd that harbours haucie deids
 And is conceau'd with, child of glorious gaine
 Can rest no wheir but to the birth proceids
 Of glorious act's brought forth with endles
 Such restles thought's *Penardo* did torment (paine
 Still longing whil the night were over'spent.

2.

At last *Aurora* shews wheir she was layd
 In aiged *Tithons* arm's and vp did spring
 Blushing for shame that she so long had stayde
 Her goldin loks for haist did lously hing
 Her crimsoe chariot made no longer stay
 From criestall heaun's to chase dark night away.

Hij

A.

THE HISTORIE

3.

As *Pilot* one the seas has stay'd his sight
Vpon the fixed *Pole* his course to guyde
Whill foggie smook and tempests cloudie night
The burnisht light of that bright lamp doe h hyde
Then to his compas has recourse, wheirby
He guyds his hollow vessell stedfastly.

4.

Eune so *Penardo* that was all alone
Who had no seruand nor no trustie guyde
One hope he settis his stayd opinion e
And with that compas constant does abyde
And furthe vpon his waye he still procede
Fed with desyre of heighe & glorious deids.

5.

Three dayes he traueid finding nought, at last
With weare bones he layde him doune to sleip
Whill as with sudden fear he was agast
A vision in his restles braine did creep
The Lady whiche he saw before tormented
Was with those pains agane oppress, presented.

6.

This was the ghost of the enchaunted fair
Laisa whom *Penardo* must releue
Eune that fair Mayde who to him did repair
Before the battells, to preuent mischeiue
So much her wrong and her desyre so iust
That picie bad him ayde, & ayde he must

And

OF *PENARDO* and *LAISSA*

7.

And now for to performe his promise past
She comes agane for to emploir his ayde.
Requesting him that he wold come at last
To end the ceasles torments of a Mayde
Whom he within the burning caue shall fynd
Eune at the foote of proud *Parnassus* pynd.

8.

The Prince awaking from his sleip arose
From of the grasse wheiron he softly lay
And wheir his horse was feidding their he goes
While as *Aurora* gane, to light the day
He traueid still till that the Caue he seis
Led with reuenge, hope, valour, victories

9.

Whose sulphur flams would fearfull hairts haue stayd
The mounting smook such trembling terror shows
But he who was not boine to be effrayde
Still in the greatest dangers did reioyse
And since he saw no entrie but by fyre
Valour bred hope, and courage bred desyre.

10.

Resolving thus his murdering blade he drawes
And thrusts him self withe furie through ye same
His swordes sharpe point directing fordwart shawes
His braue assault against the sulphur flamme
Which geueing place diuys it selfe in tuo
As if it feird his ualour fer to know.

Now

THE HISTORIE

11

Now on he goes till he has past the light
Throgh caues where glomie darknes still abyds
Which seem'd the pallace of eternall *Night*
Where she her store of lable treasure hyds
And ecke from whence her mantles black she brings
Whoes dreidfull terrour tams all leiuing things.

12.

Yet this our Prince *Penardo* nothing lets
But on he goes, at last he heirs a noyis
Lyik to the opning vp of brasin gatus
Wherefro their came this dreidfull sounding voyces
Who past throgh Plotos, port without paynes,
His due in fyre Phlegiton remains,

13.

Then is shew'd from a deip and hollow Caue
Two Dwarfs that held in curie hand a torche
By whoes great light the Prince might weel perceauce
A monstrous Gyant mounting from a porche
Great lyk a tour that braithd furthe smooke and ire
His eyes no eyes but two great flamm's of fyre.

14.

The Prince was not amaized at the sight
But rather was desyrus of renoune
With sword and sheild him self he brauelie dight
With courage braue to him descending doune
whose mass, lyke to ane irone Bolt on hight
He rair'd, with wraith, powre, furie, strength & might.
And

OF PENARDO and LAISSA

15.

And beates with force the Prince his sheild a backe
Vpon his face till with that mightie blow
He forced him tumbling doune the steps, to mack
Homage vpon his face vnto his foe
Then with ane other blow vpon his creist
He made his lyueyish breath forsake his breist.

16.

Thus being sensles layd vpon the ground
His mightie hand his murdering blade forsook
The Gyant (that perceau'd him in that stound)
Vp under his left arme him lightlie took,
So go shaks doe, who ceasing on their pray
Mounts in the aer and lightlie flies away.

17.

He carries him throw many fearfull wayes
Till he arriu'd vnto a pleasant plaine
Where stood a pallace poynting at the skyes
Whoes lostie turrets seem'd for to disdain
The basest earthe and beautified the aer,
With brightest *Alabastre* tours so fair.

18.

Then drawing neir vnto the castell gate
The Gyant wearie of this burthen strong
Threw him to ground and down him self he sett
To breathe a whyle who had not rested long
When by the fall the Prince agane reueiu'd
Aer brought him breath, breath lyfe from death releu'd
And

THE HISTORIE

19.

And being weel awaked frome his dreame
He wounde th at these wonderfull euent
When memorie returnd he blusht for shame
All his confused thoughts bred discontents
And when he soght vp from the ground to cleir him
The gyant with his mase agane drew neir him.

20.

Which lighted one his shoulder with such force
That one his hands agane he stoupt to ground
Who by this rude intreatment raiging worse
Raige brought him strength and strength his courage
His armed fist aloft he stronglie rears)found
And beats the Gyants brains about his ears.

21.

The gyant fell with such a fearfull noyes
As when a thunderbolt from heaune does fall
Whoes lightning seems to rent the azure skyes
And shaks the powrs of heaune and earth withall
Or lyk a wind whoes furious devaftatione
Doun throw the aer does shak the earth fundatione.

21.

Eune with such noyes the Gyant fell to ground
While presentlie the earth did him deuour
Receauing him within her hollow wound
Then clot'd agane lyke as she was before
Wher at great lasons Neuoy was amazd
And deim'd he was sum feind by magick rais'd.

While

OF PENARDO and LAISSA

23.

While he in this amazed moode did stand
Hard at his feitt his sworde he did espy
The which how sone he gotte into his hand
He marched forward most couragiously
But neirer to the pallace when he came
He thought him ay the farther from the same.

24.

So thinks the courious man that wold attaine
By trauell to heaune threatning *Atlas* tope
Mounting as fast as first his eyes had seie
It seems ane other *Atlas* ryseth up
Whoes tope did acirs thrid regione prouddie threae
Compass with clouds & skoartch'd with *Phæbus* heat

25.

Then is his hope accompanied with doubt
Such hope such doubt dwelt in *Penardos* thought
He staid him self and looking round about
His gaizing eyes vnto his vew sune brought
A Mayd who towards him directs her pase
And first saluts him with a modest grace.

26.

Then ax'd him whither he was mynd'tt to goe
He sayd that galant fortres for to sie
Quod she thow finds no entres ther but loo
If thow would enter thow must goe with me
Content was he to goe, to know, to proue,
To end the pains of death of lyfe, of loue.

At

At last she came vnto a vault or groat
Whoes griefs was fearfull to behold
But he who onlie had vnto his lott
A braue vndanted Spreit with courage bold
Straight followed he from light of day to darknes
And lost her in that vnaquanted marknes.

Where he does heir a dreidfull sounding voyce
Lyk to the skritchng of the nights blak Houle
Hisling of serpents, and the greisslie noyes
Of ghostly spreits in Plutoes court so foule
Who if his armours vertue had not saitt him
Of lyfe, of fame, of glorie, wold had rest him,

Whom they begin to buffet heir and their
Him bear thay oft vnto the ground agane
Yet could he nothing find but filthie aer
Whoes smook might weell consume a world of men
Such filthie smook it was such vglie blasts
As *Aetna* from his dreidfull mouth forth casts,

He drawes his sword and forward still he goes
Vowing to sie the end of these euent
The further in, the thicker grow the bloes
At last a fearfull noyes to him presents
A thundring sound a fearfull trembling shak
Whoes dreidfull voice made all the earth to quak.

Yet

Yet he proceeds and thinks them all but toyes
And stumbling doune at last to ground he fell
While as he hard a piteous groneing voice
Lyk to the fore tormented soules in hell
That in this greisslie caue, this darksum shade
A howling and a yowling sound still made.

The deing grones of sum tormented wight
He seemd to heir amongs these fearfull sounds
Their So ow dwelt, and their eternall Night
Of everlasting horror still resounds
But he no tenour fear's nor daunger dreids
But forward goes and throw the dark proceeds.

As does the blind in desert forrests wyde
Ow'r hazards roks caues, craiges & montanes wander
While fear of death has chast his faithfull guyde
Eune feir of tempests lightning storme and thunder
When as he heirs a noyes, a found a cry
Hope throw the danger guyds him hastily,

So wanders he stout hardy fearles bold
At last vpon a deing Knight he fell
Scarce could he speik bott zett this much he told
As thou seikst for dearth Dispair and Hell
Heir dwells sad death plagues, torments, heir remains
Hell brings from this her euerlasting Pains.

THE HISTORYE

35.

*Ah crewell death, ah blak despair alace
Wo wo and with the word wo chokd his breath
The Prince that pittied such a wofull cace
Heau'd vp his heid and said relent from Death
Perhaps some hope sum hap, sum help remain
He answerd, (nocht but this one word) In vane.*

36.

*Why (quod the Prencē) is thy releife in vaine
If God so pleas his grace and mercie lend
But to this house and to this hell of paine
How cam'st thou in, or wast thou heir in send
Faine would I know wheir with the deing Knight
Breatht furth these words thoght weakly as he might.*

37.

*Within this caue their is a virgin Mayde
Loue dairteth lightning from her glorious eyes
Her beantie bright does all their hairts invade
(With death, loue, furie, passione) that her seis
Muche is the force, the strength, the vigour much
Who seis her, deis for loue, th'enchantments such,*

38.

*Many attempt's this aduenture to end
But still they end themselves and it remains
Which I poore I has too too swirle kende
And now must pay my lyf for these my pains
My bosume keeps her beauties burning fyre
That tears my hart in peeces with desyre.*

Ab

OF PENARDO and LAISSA.

39.

*Al pitie (said the Prencē) is their remeid
To laue thy lyfe and quensh youths loucing flamme
No no (sayd he) theirs naine till I be deid
Heir many mo lies buried for the same
Wherefore go back, leaue of, retorne againe
Heir is no heyre bot death for all thy paine.*

40.

*Then said the Prince I surelie wer to blame
Not seing danger, for to leaue it soe
Quod he then since thou cairs so muche for shame
I pray the tak my counsell or thou goe
Abovethis dreidfull Caue their stands a laik
Whoes restles wanes this thundring noyes does make*

41.

*The Mayde is on ane altar sacrafeizd
With sulphur flammis of fyre to Pluto's Desitie
Twelf hours within that fyre sho's, martyrized
And twelf houres dround in blood with out all pitie
Before her burnes a Taper will not slak
Bot in the water of that thundring laik.*

42.

*This Taper yow must win with mightie force
Syne drinsh it in the forsaide laik & lo
Her flammis ar quenshed then with great remorse
But how to quenshe the blood yow their shall kno
Yet if yow be intangled by her beantie
Thy hairt thy eyes thy hands shall leaue their due tie.*

I

Now

THE HISTORIA

43.

Now if the burning Tapre thou obtain
To get it back shall many wages be sought
As soone as it thou wants by any meane
As soone shall she from lyf to death be brought
But if thou be intangled with her love
The Tapre frome his place thou can not move.

44.

Thus fair you weell and with the word the Knight
Sunck doune with flip of leaddin death opprest
Greif woe, and pitie, did the Prince affright
His valour, courage, hope, they muche distrest
He goes but comfort, whill his guyde was can
His manlie haire assayd with cold dispair

45.

Though he was still turmoild with care and greif
Though daunger still forbids his in te pryse
Tough sad dispair threat's death without releif
And though Dreid, fame and conquest both denyes
Yet forward still he goes but care or paine
And hops ane happie succes for to gaine,



Caput. XI.

Argument.

The birning Alters Keeper, of
His lyfe Penardo spoyle
He seis the daylie funerall
In blood the Virgine boylls
He that by love could not be wile
The Tapre does obtaine
About the Quene of love he seis
All thois yat Love had slaine.

1.

Now yow *Muses* matchles and deryne
Help by your sacred skill my gros defects
Mak sharpe my wit and pregnant my ingyne
That by your freindly ayde in all respects
My pen suplied may boldly breath his name
Inrold aboue the star's by endles fame.

2.

Whoes mynd the feat of royall vertues birth
And who all goodnes knew, but knew no ill
Admeird of all the world for his rare woorth
Which causd Envy for raige her self to kill
Eunc he without all fear or care did enter
And throw this care lyk greisslie hell did venter.

At

At

THE HISTORIE

3.

At last a thirling light he did espy
Which from a dure did glancing furth appeir
Wherein when as the galant Prince drew nye
He saw a flamme most pure most bright most cleir
Vpon an alter burne and in the same
Brint, skoarch'd, tormented, lay a virgine Dame.

4.

Whill on this piteous spectacle he gaiz'd
From out a corner dark he might perceiue
A monstre hudgethat maid him much amaiz'd
Whoes greatnes seem'd to fill that emptie caue (flamme)
He breathd furthe clouds of smook which dim'd the
And darkned all the place about the same

5.

So thundring tempests dims the goldin Sunne
And darkins all the cristall heauns so hy
The reiking clouds lyk smook down mō'tin runne
By force of fyre that thonderis throw the sky
At last such roars he thunders in his ear
It seemd the caue, shook, trembled, quaik'd for fear.

6.

This monstre fearlie did assaill the Prince
Who nimble, quick, sharp, readie, light, auoyding
sitt mightie bloes, so braue was his defence
Oft him he harm'd, him self vnarm'd abyding
So that the monstre roird for greif and paine
Furth casting Floods, of poysond geir a maine.

Thus

OF PENARDO and LAISSA.

7.

Thus eache perseuing otherto the death
Wth strength with raige with furie hait & ire
That neither geue the other leaue to breath
The monstre still threw furth bright flamms of fyre
Who's skails bore furth the Prince his furious dint
Lyk tempred Steill, hard diamond, or flint,

8.

Where for a stranger kynd of feght he chuses
Quyting his sword he draw's a dagger, fyne
His skill his flight his might, and strength he uses
To ridd this deulifhe monstre out of pyne
Who lising vp his armed creist with ire
Smook frome his mouth his eyes furth sparkling fyre.

9.

Did fearcelie forewart to the Prince furth pace
Infolds inrolls in lincks with gaipping iawes
But he with foresight, waying, well the case
His skailie gorge in his stronge arme he thraves
And through his burninge ey with fatall knyfe
Brought furthe his brains & with his brains his lyfe.

10.

Glade was he to be ridd of such a foe
Yet pitie, cair and sorow, chac'd delight
To sie so fair a Mayde tormented so
His eyes with chylde of tears his hait stil sigh't
Tacirs from his eys spring's riuers floods furth sens
Sighes from his hair tlyk blustering winds vpwent.

Iij

When

THE HISTORIE

II.

When neerer to the alter he was come,
Of sorrow he might hear the saddest sound,
There grievous groanes were intermix'd with some
Weak breathing words, that did sad death resound
The words were sweet and pitiefull to hear
The accent soft the voice was sharpe and cleir

12.

Those were the wofull words he pitied most
Ab Pluto Pluto end this sacrifice
Hell Hell devour my soules tormented ghost
Oh cruel Heavens that glorie to tyrannize
Oh paine paine paine let endles paine remove
Curs death, curs hel, curs earth, curs hevens shame.

13.

Whill thus she spak *Penardo* hard a noyes,
And sudden he appeir'd a greater light,
A hundreth torches borne by lile boyes
All clac in murning weid a wofull sight.
Softlie the prince conveyes him self a syde
To see of these events what wold betyde

14.

After these torches were two horses led
Whose Trapeis were of purple silk & gold
Such curious work so rich imbrodered
Was admirable fair for to behold
For greesson lyk they pacing seem'd to flie
With golden plumed wings right curiously.

These

OF PENARDO and LAISSE

15.

These horse were kept by lackaves two who had
Two shields which seem'd of sundrie Knights to hold,
And after them two Paiges richlie cled
Two mightie lances bore with heads of gold
Nixt after them four galant coursers drew
A crimone cotche that seem'd of bloodie hew.

16.

Within this cotche two Kinghs were sadlie plac'd
In glitt'ing armour that was fynelie fram'd
The amours shynig lustre was defac'd
With purple blude that from their bodies straimde
Sad was their mynds where sorow did remaine
Great were their wounds but greater far their paine.

17.

The one still sigh'd and g.oin'de but spak no word
For in his breist a bloodie dagger stooode
The other throughe his bodie had a sword
From whoes steill poynt ranne streams of crimson blood
Death our them both long since hade spred her wings
Yet lyfe by airt, paine, greif and sorow brings.

18.

Behind the alter stooode a brazen portch
Which oppind wyde for to receaue this traine
Where enters all the boyes with eue ye torch
The hors, and all the rest that did remayne,
But whill the cotche neir to the alter drew
The wofull dame her sorows did renew.

liij

THE HISTORIE

19.

*Ah Heav'n's alace come come I glaidly goe
Let death geue end to Hells tormenting flames
Blood blood glut vp both soule and body lo
Stop now my breath and suffocat the same
Let these two leue & then impose on me
Ten thousand deaths so I may once but die.*

20.

No sonner did she end her plaints when as
Two old and aiged Hagg come in their fights
Who bore ane huge great vessell made of bras
That kept the blood of those tormented Knights
Long gaizd the Prince on thir hid misteries
Whill paine, on paine, & greif on greif he lies.

21.

The virgine from the fyre began to moue her
The vessell neir, she throw her in the same
While as the blood began to boyle aboue her
And vtherwhyls aboue the bloode she come
So bubling streams of brooks from hye that fall
Raife vp the Pebls pure whyt cleir and small

22.

They gone the Prince did with him self deuoyce
To spill the blood bot now he heirs a sound
It seem'd a heighe and bloustring wind did ryse
And looking wheir the vessell to haue found
He saw a piller raised vp whoes end
Reatch'd frome the ground almost vnto the pend.

Then

OF PENARDO and LAISSA

23.

Then did he heare a murmur and a noyes
A duilfull murning and a wofull sound
So from a hollow pitt resounds a voyce
Of one that lyes tormented vnder ground
Or lyk the ghostlie and the dreidfull dine
That roaring bulis mak hollow Caues within.

24.

The piller seem'd to be of marble stone
In forme of ane *Pyramid* as it stood
Within the which the virgine was alone
Tormented still within the boyling blood
Penardo knew but help of humane hand
That it was fraim'd his furie to with stand.

25.

But neirer to the piller when he drew
Sum goldin letterd lyns he might espy
Whoes meining was as efter doeth ensue
*Be not so bold this aduventure to try
Least Faits who made the most admeird of all
Should mak the most in famous for thy fall*

26.

But cairles who had thus menac'd him so
Which serud but to affray a fanting haire
Now round about the piller does he go
While as he finds sum other lyns insert
Wheirby he knew the former saing'd deny all
Was but to stay him from a farther tryall.

That

*What ere thou be that proues to end the paines
Of this tormented Mayde that heere remains
And wold vndoe the great and woundrous frame
Which Masfays arte has buildis for the same
The tapre from the birning Altar take
And drinke it in the fearfull thundring lake
But first from birning lust search some releiff:
For These two Princes wrapt in all mischeiff,*

28.

*Not half so fast the Tyger swift furth goes
Through desert waves for to redeme her brood
As does the Pien e when the e glad newes he knoes
Vnto the altar where the tapre stood
He hopes yet doubt- sum ill might him be fall
To marr his hope, hap, will, desyre, and all.*

29.

*Cassandras armour was not now for noghe
Els of that dame inamour'd had he being
For the effect of this enchantment wrought
On eue one before that had her seine
And being once entangled by her loue
Te tortche they could not steir, nor touch, nor moue*

30.

*Yea surelie if his armours vertue strong
Had not resisted the enchantments force
Within the caue he should haue stayd so long
While he had diet for loue without remorse
Her beautie was of force, strength, pow're, to moue
Yea massacre a world of Haits with loue.*

But

*But he who in his armour does retaine
The rare and precious stone of chastitie
(Whoes vertue is the owner to restraine
From loue, or lust, or Venus fantasie)
Could not be mou'd, to love, so none but he
Could end the fair Laissas miserie.*

32.

*And entring now within the brazen portch
The which he thinks to be the only way
Eune with the light of this his lyde torch
He saw some lynes ingraph'd (which made him stay)
Vpon the brazen gate he did behold
Indeated all with curious warks of gold.*

*If ought thou lose that thou has bravelye win
Thou desirest sh ill repent thy coming in.*

33.

*Now he began to gaize vpon the ground
And calling presentlie vnto his mynd
The deing Knight whom he before had found
Within the Caue and of his counfall kynd
He knew it was the taper to defend
Or els her sorow should with death haue end,*

34.

*And by this tyme within a goodlie Hall
He entred was when vewing weel this sight,
The rare proportion was maiesticall,
To eue airt their was a galant light,
And glaid their of ioy cheirt his countenance
So Phœbus flourish'd when her lord does glance.*

Long

THE HISTORYE

35.

Long stayd he nought when looking heir and their
One his left hand a doore he might espy
Within the which he saw a gall'ry fair
Wher pleasur did invite a gaizing ey
While throug this pleasant gall'ry he was walking
He thought he hard sum people soittlie talking.

36.

Whoes murmuring sound hade drawne him now in
Of a fan chamber that was richelic hung (sight
Wher sporting at their dalleing delight
Wer Knights and Ladyes lying all along
Vpon the pavement wrought of cristall rock
Whose glances bright the Prince his sight did chock.

37.

But his delight did him thair after lied
Vnto ane other chamber much more fair
For their the cristall pavement all was spred
With crimsone veluet costlie, ritche, and rair,
And in the mids a piller stooode vpright
Of gold that shynd, flam'd, glāc'd, with sparkling light.

38.

Adioynd vnto the piller rose a throne
Of beattin gold whoes lustre cleir ynstaind
The beautifullest Queene did sit theirone
That cristall heaune or solid earthe containd
And round about her stooode a comlie traine (flaine
Of kings, queins, lords, knights, dames that loue had
Their

OF PENARDO and LAISSA

39

Their was the Queene of *Carthage*, *Dido* fais
Who for *Aeneas* loue hade lost her breath,
And for *Antonius* loue with *Vipers* their
Sad *Cleopatra* Sting'd her self to deathe,
Their *Ariadne* that her self hade slaine
For proud vnthankfull *Theseus* disdaine.

40.

Whoes lyfe decre'd to *Minotaurus* raige
She fled and from the *Labyrinth* he him gaind
Their was *Media* by whoes countaill saige
Iason the goldin glorious fleice obtaind
Their *Phyllis* who did many passionnes proue
Chuseing sad death for sweet *Demophoons* loue.

41.

Their *Julia* the wyfe of great *Pompey*
Who died becaus she feird her husbands death
Their *Porcia* for *Brutus* loue did stay,
Who with hote burning coalls hade choakd her braith
Their *Pisca* with her louer loud to be
Who threw them selfs both heidlongs in the Sea.

42.

Their might *Pandorus* loueing dame be seine
That chus'd for to be buried quick in graue
Rather then be the *Perseus* monarchs Queene
Becaus he did her louers lyfe bereaue
The *Greciane* dame fair *Camma* their did moue
Who slew her self and him that slew her loue.

These

These women with their louers did inioy
A pleasant lyfe about this princelie Queene
And men that did for loue them selfs destroy
Menon that hang'd him self might their by scind
For to the proud *Affyriane* King alone
His best beloud *Semiramis* head gone

And their *Tiberius Gracchus* did remaine
That fund two Serpents in his chamber floore
And knowing if the semell first wer flaine
His lyfe should longer not his wyfes indure
The Male he slew so well he ioude his wyfe
And made his death the ransone of her lyfe

And *Marcus Lepidus* did their abyde
That flew him self eune for his loues disdainē
And *Platius Numidius* by his tyde
That for his deir loues death him self hade staine
Their old *Sylvanus* that him self hade hangd
Becaus proud *Nero* wold his loue haue wrang'd.

Their *Pollio* graue and sad, a *Germane* borne
A famous Knight though *Fortune* wrought his fall
This was the Knight that in the *Cauē* before
Had told the Prince what then should him befall
There many more that died without remorse
For *Lissas* loue by the enchauntments force;

All these and many thousand their remaines
Who to that court doe momentarily resort
The winged boy delights in all their pains
And of their greatest grief he makes a sport
But lo that glorious Queene bed all their ioyes
Their loue their fanſie and their amorous toyces.

For to intirall the hart that Queene weell knew
The soueraigne Maistres of that art she was
Her wantoune shyning looks and heauenlie hew
With sweet alluements secretlie wold pas
For still the glancing of her wantone ey
Wold mak her trayne, sad, ioyfull, liue, or dye

Her wantoune eyes bewrayd her inward mynd
Her countenance declar'd her harts desyre
To burning lust she seem'd to be inclinde
Consumeing still with neuer quenſhing fyre
Dissembling all with such a craftie mynd
That antic face *Adonis* wold by kynd.

Her modest blush wold diuers tymes bewray
That which (it seem'd) she sham'd for to vnſold
With amours queint her wanton eye wold play
And from her haire in sport their message told
Her lowing looks or cheir full smyls doth moue
To laugh to weep, to smyle, to sighe furth loue.

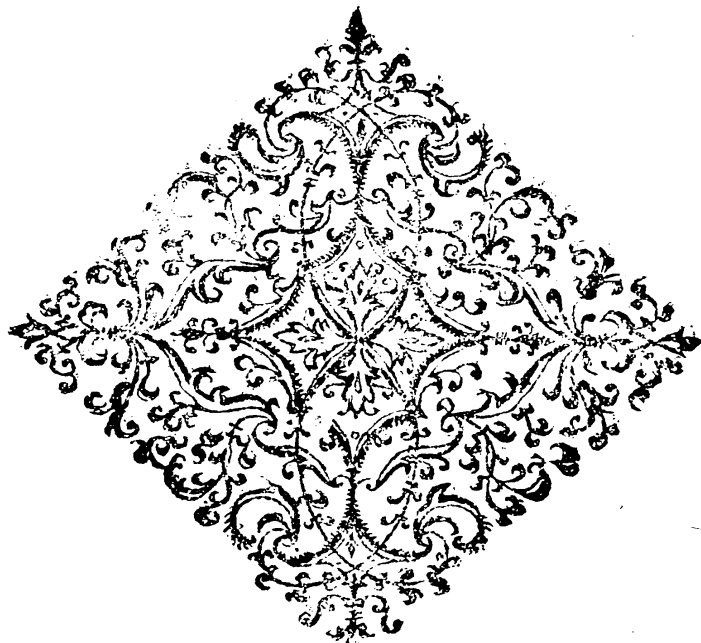
THE HISTORIE

51.

Amongst the rest *Penardo* might espy
Phelarnon braue and *Tropolance* the bold
 Whom by their wofull looks he did discry
 To be eune far agains their will with hold
Phelarnons breist bewrayit his ceasles paine
 Wherin a bloodie dagger did remain.

52.

And *Tropolance* his wofull hart was rent
 With bloodie sword, tormented still he goes
 Yea these two princes onlie did lament
 While as the rest did seeme for to reioies
 But now sad shaddowes of the dankish night
 Begane to dryue away the cheir full light;



Caput. XII.

Argument.

PENARDO's tempted oft and yit
 The tapre he obtains
 He chaseth burning lust to hell
 And ends the Princes pains
 He quenseth in the fearfull Lake
 The Tapers light anone
 He finds sum tombs and sies sum lyrs
 Which wer ingraph'd theirowe.

1.

WHen hells great Grandame ganher self to ryle
 For anger breathing furth dark clouds of smook
 And chaist heau'n's cheirfull lamp down through
 Then of his wyde empyre possessione took (the skyes
Penardo hard hearefull thundring sound
 Lyk *Neptune* raiging gainst a stormie wind.

2.

And lo a fearfull vind did now aryse
 With dreidfull thunder, lightning flammes of fyre,
 Ane earth-quak and a trumbling in the skyes
 That seem'd to shak the world's sure fixt empyre
 From of his centre & his stedfast statione
 And with proud raige to raise his sure fundatione.

K

Wher

Wheir with of all this tryne incontinent
He, tis not one in twinkling of an ey
But of their feet he might decerne the prent
In the riche cloth that on the ground did ly
Wheir at *Penardo* much a mazed freode
But nothing danted was his courage good

And looking round about whill thus he stard
Ane other dure he saw wheir on he red
Tak what thou finds within for the prepairede
Thus in the beauc *Theſſaliane* was led
By courage and a feare vndanted mynde
Not feiring hell it self thairin to fynde

The royaltie of this fair rounne was uche
As seem'd the lyk on earth could not be found
The value of the hangings was so much
That from the syling to the paved ground
Did reache all richlie wrought with pearle & gold
Whick *Hercules* great battels did vnfold,

Ther had he slaine the Gyaunt all alone
Who sumtyme rewl't fair *Europs* fairest yle,
Of whom it got the name of *Albeon*
And ther was seu'ne mouth'd *Hydra* feirce e're whyle
Whom he by his al-conquering' force had slaine
His shafts there, in the monstre did remaine.

Their

Their in the *Nemeane* forrest he had slaine
The *Lycens* feirce: the monstre of the Sea
He flew' and fair *Exione* did obtaine
There the *Theſſalian Centaurs* vanquish he
Theire *Cerberus* he bond and *Captiue* led
And *Proserpine* frome *Pluto's* thraldome freed.

Theire did he kill *Ankreon* feirce and bold
And *Nessus* there, and *Gereon* proud of *Spaine*
And frome *Hesperides* renown'd of old
Wheir did the goldin fleiced flocks remaine
He theme frome *Atlas* daughters did disseuer
And bonde *Philotes* as a slaue for euer.

Their his self works bred terroure to the eye
And trembling fear vnto the boldest hairt
There had he throw'n e him headlong in the Sea
Who brought to him the strainge *Emppyson'd* shirt
There he in paine raige sorow, did lament
Tearing the venome that this flesh did rent.

And in the mids a pillar stood vpright
Wheir on a rich and glorious armour lay
Their hung a sheild ingrapht whoes glancing light
The armes of *Theſſaly* did furth display
A boue the which a candle-stick of gold
Did hung which seem'd but one small lamp to hold.

THE HISTORIE

II.

In this fair chamber stood a glorious bed
Of beaten gold Whose syrie sparkling flies
Frome pretious stones & diamonds which spread
Their pearling beames that dim'd the Prince his eyes
The tapers light that in his hand he bore
Gave place to this more shyning cleir & pure.

12.

Four mabre pillers did a table bear
Of yellow glancing *Topas* synlie drest
And oft transparant cristall stood a chear
As if it wold inuite the Prince to rest
Who wearied with his toylsum trauell past
This proper'd rest accepted at the last.

13.

And gaizing still vpon this glorious wark
The table suddenlie wes ouer spred
By whome he knew not bot he might remark
With fructefull *Ceres* danteis it wes clade
Their *Bacchus* plentie flowe'd till yis braue Prince
Was weill suffice'd then all remoued thence.

14.

And all this tyme the taper did abyde
Into his hand where one he does deuys
How he might fauclie lay the same asyde
And rest In the fair bed till *Tytus* ryse
When presentlie did in the table stand
Ane candle-stick presented to his hand

Whiche

OF PENARDO and LAISSA,

15.

Which as ze hard did our the a-mour hing
Whereof when he the warkmanship espy'd
He did perceaue ingrauen about the ring
Sum lyn's in azure blew thame selfs bewray'd
Whiche if obey it it ends the ceasles stryfe
Of *Lissa's* paine and with her paine her lyfe.

16.

O f me thou only mak a choise
Tell thou with sleip thy self repose
I am deuysd thy light to hold
Then but suspitione be thou beld.

17.

This youth had goth no sleip tuo dayes ago
Where for to rest a great desyre he fand
Bot woundred who so weel his mynd did kno
Assaying if his light therein wold stand
A suddane fear assaild his hawtie haire
He trembled, and he quack'd in euerye pait.

18.

And, as a merchant in a darksum night
Does trauell in a forrest all alone
Where he before has seyn a fearfull sight
Of robbing Theeues and murtherers, anone
Does feare and faint, and tremble yea and quak's
So he In eury ioynt, and lincu shak's.

Kij

And

And wondred what this accident should meane
 When presentlie their come vnto his thought
 The deing Knight he in the case had seene
 Who told him all his trauell was for nought
 If once the tortche wer tint or gone, or lost
 Lost wer her lyfe, lost all his paine and cost.

20.

Then Night begane to hyde her loathed heid
 Rendring her place unto her so so fair
 Whose messenger was cled in crimstone reid
 Hurling his fyrie beames throw glomie aer
 Meling the clouds in liquid drops that fall
 Moystringe the thirstie parched earth with all,

21.

The royall Knight right ioyfull of the day
 That he might bring to end his tedious task
 When to the pillar whair the armour lay
 Whene *Titan* did his slaying face vnmask
 He saw a goldin image which did hold
 A table of black *Aspal* writ in gold.

22.

And towards him the table poynting was
 The which How soone his arme did rais aloft
 The image let it with his hand furth pas
 viewing the courious workmanship so oft
 The lyn's he red which shaddow with all deceat
 Mischeif, dath, discord, furie, wraith, debait.

Vulcane

*V*ulcane this fair and goodly armour wrought
 Whiche Venus to her Sonne *Aeneas* brought
 Whoes vertue frome all tempting tounge defend
 And Hope and courage to the hart it send
 With vigoras strength it does the bodie seid
 And vanquisheth the Enemie with dreid
 Who wears the same shall victor still remaine
 And still his harts desyre he shall obtaine
 Inchantment strong or any secreit traine
 Of subtile Foes shall alwayes proue in vaine
 No humane strengthe can this enchantment end
 Except the Trojanes armour him defend.

23.

Sure quod the Princee this is a rair devyce
 That no deceat nor dainger can assaill
 True valour could be compted bot a vyce
 If this wer true the coward should prevaill
 Then falsset crueltie and all deceat
 Should truth, woorth, valour, vertue, all abait

24.

Falsset should banishe purest truth to hell
 And wicked wrong all right should ouerthraw
 Folie should wisdom leid as slaue to Sell
 And manly mynds of fazards stand in aw
 Of humane kynd then to preuent the fall
 This euill of euills I'le cut in peices smal.

K III

He

THE HISTORYE

25.

He cutt's the armour which als soft as brasſe
He finds and knew it was bot to entiape
Him in a snair (bot Fates ordaind his glaſſe
To put his howes of lyfe in *Fortuns* lape)
For lo ſuche deu'liſh ſtrength the armes retained
As in the ſhirt of *Hercules* remaind.

26.

And ſure too great miſcheif ſhould haue betyde
If one him ſelf this armour he receau'd
For firſt the tap'e he muſt lay a ſyde
Wheir with *Laiſa's* lyfe had bene bereau'd
And alſo him with ſurie, raige, and wraith
Paine, ſorrow, care, and grief had brought to death.

27.

But *Fortune* ſmyld her looks wer gracious
And ſuffred not froſt, ſtorme, haill, cold or raine
A flour ſo young, ſo fair, ſo praiſious
With death, decay, or dolour too be ſlaine
But ridd of this he ſearching fand anone
Ane irone doore with this inſcriptione.

That dreidfull Dragone heir within does ly
That ſoſters ſtill the fyre of Lechery
Wheir in ſuo Princes ar tormented ſtill
And can not be remou'd frome thence, vntill
A Knight ſhall come whoes chaſterie is ſuche
And whoes good *Fortune* fauours him ſo muche.

As

OF PENARDO and LAISSA,

As can not be by aine meins entys'd
To fall into the ſnairs for him deuys'd
He firſt muſt lay his ſword & ſheild a ſyde
Then vnto him the doore ſhall oppin wyde
Syne proue by ſtrength the weapens for to win
That does the Princes wounds remane within
Wheir with he muſt ow'r cum the dragon ſearce
Then ſhall the torments of the Princes ceaſe.

28.

This deueliſh dragone was ane feind of Hell
Bred firſt in floods of fyre ie *Phlegitone*
In whom the fyre of birning luſt did dwell
Which ſhe broght furth from darkeſt *Acherone*
And being bred of ſuch infernall broode
She leu'd on fyre, in darknes was her food.

29.

This luſtfull fyre throgh all the world ſhe ſend
Wheir with ſhe had infect the greateſt pairt
Who lyk vnto their mother does intend
In darknes for to quenſh their burning ſmairt
There, help they find, but no releif at all
Till for their mother they haue ſearch'd in hell.

30.

Whom *Mansay* by his airt had brought from thenet
Vnto this place theſe Princes to torment
Whoſe luſtfull fyre had bred their owne offence
And firſt vnto their ruine gaue conſent
But loath he was hes ſword to lay a pairt
Which brought his foes to woe, to death, and ſmairt.

It

Yet seeing no reliefe he layes a syde
His sword and shield and fearles forward goes
When presentlie the doore brust oppine wyde
And ther (a fearfull sight) vnto him shewes
A burning caue that throws ow't flames of fyre
Which from a dragones mouth did still retyre

Eune as the deidfull Salamander lyes
Amid the fyre while one the fyre she feids
The fyre her braih her lyfe her essence geues
But fyre she dies in fyre she leues and breids
Eunedo this feind in smook and flames so bright
Did burn and shyn and glance, and spauke light.

In throgh these flames he saw these Princes lay'd
On burning beds of steill lyk furies fel
Wher hell thay curst and heaune they did obbraid
With many fearfull cry and wofull yell
To see such galant Princes so tormented
With tears into his eyes he thus lamented,

*Ah harmles Soules so pynd curs'd be the tyme
That Manlayes crewell arte deuysd such pains
His punishment is more then is your cryme
Ah how iustlie heir he yow detains
Your harme done to your self your cryme your owne
To him no spight nor malice had yow showne.*

*Ah cursed by that Zoroastes old
That first deuysd deip incantatiounes
Of magick arte, whose spells oft being told
Brings vp that foule infernall natione
The man whoes witt does search furth such ane euill
Is foe to man and freind vnto ye Deuill.*

*Ah mightie Ioue that does permit such wrongs
And does behold thy creaturs thus pynd
Revenge vnto thy glorious self belongs
Mercie thou grantes to a repenting mynd
Ah for thy glories saik in mercie grant
Thow by my hand this feind infernall dant,*

Nether could fear of terrour yeilding fyre
Nor world deuoiring monstre him effray
Nor daunt his dauntles haire that does aspyre
Throw daunger for to gaine great glories pray
This sayd, he swiftly to the monstre hyed
For terrour dreid and daunger he defyed.

The monstre now with flaming tounge drew neir
With deathe, or lustfull heat him to inflamme
But these her flames did not on him appeir
Nor could he be molested be the same
She seith that her hoate consumeing fyre
Could not inflamme his spotles chaist desyre.

Straight did caste furth a dark black foggie smooke
Which with the flamme made this a second hell
Fixt on the Prince her burning eyes did look
Clipping her yrone wings and dreidfull taill
Infixt in this taill wer stings anew
The Prince the Knight the Champion to persue.

40.

These stings if thay be fix'd the fleshe within
Does it infect with filthie lustfull fyre
Of venamous and poysonable sine
And appetites inquenshable deyre
Working throw all the vains, till boyling heat
Makes them the heaune yea God him self forgette.

41.

Into her tounge ar also stings infixt
Whoe poyson breideth sensuall delight
Which with a gluttonus desyre is mixt
Wallowing in pleasure, plungd in eternall night
Of all forgetfullnes and idle slouth
And sklauech man to pleas his daintie mouth.

42.

For drounkinnes and gluttonie alone
Drawes efter them a thousand filthie sines
Greif, anger, loue, extremitie, anone
And birning lust th'oughe all the bodie rines
That memorie, and vnderstanding quyt
Extinguist ar with lecherieyes delyt.

It makes a dulnes ow'r the mynd to creip
Amoult e makes the bodie fatt with rest
And reasone thus it laileth sound a sleep
Thus man does differ nothing from a beast
These bates in the begining twentie moue
But in the end a Cocatrice thay proue.

44.

This monstre these her stinges infecting heat
In mortall myndes, infixeth but releif
And howked once allurde with poyson'd baite
She drawes them heidlong vnto all mischeif
At last to deathe and hells eternall paine
From which all hope of blis'd releiffs in vane.

45.

None of these stings could in the Prince haue place
With them she him flayls but all in vane
Wherefore she fearcelie fordwart flies apace
Ayming with tearing pawes him to haue slaine
And being now heigh rais'd aboue the ground
She beats him with her mightie force aound.

46.

And ayming for to crush him vnto death
In her sharpe pawes she taketh him greedilie
But he (who was not wholie void of breath)
Her by the gorgie gripeth speedilie
And had th'enchanted rapre beine a syde
She new'r had gone from thence in hell t'abyde.

47.

But yet altho he had no hand but one
 Her greiflie gorge so stronglie did he grip
 That she was forc'd to ryis and with a grone
 Her hold about his bodie to let slip
 She roar'd she yeld she brayt she billow't Jowd
 So does the lyons, bulls, boars, coursers prowd.

48.

This monsters mouthe lyk to a golfe appeirs
 And ther she thinks him quick for to entomb
 A filthie smook she throwes before his eyes
 Which forc'd him breathles for to leaue that rounne
 And farther throw the flammes to seek for breath
 She roaring still, still gaip'd still threatned death.

49.

So *Neptune* in a raiging storme doeth rore
 When *Aeolus* his bloystring face ou'r blowes
 His rolling billowes fearchie beatts the shore
 Gaipping his hollow greedie gulfs he shoves
 Wher in threts to swallow or to wrak
 The Plowars of his yrie awfull back.

50.

Before she could *Penardo* ouer reatche
 He came vnto the steillie burning bed
 And from *Phelarnons* breist wher was the breatche
 The daggere pull's when with a weappine cled
 The monstre seem'd more heaueie sadd and low
 Her force, moir feble, wearie, fante, and slow.

7 hus

51.

Thus thinks he of this feght to mak an end
 And with the dagger to bereaue her lyfe
 Who with her oppine jawes does her defend
 And therein cacht the dagger which with fryfe
 From him sho rest and brak in peeces small
 And thus to him no weappine left at all.

52.

Betwixt him and the sword her self she sett
 Which *Tropolance* his bloodie breist containd
 While as such fyre and sulphur^{all} with she let
 That all the hous into a fyre remaind
 So she a birning *Salamander* seem'd
 But nothing of his fyre the Prince esteem'd.

53.

And yet this kynd of feght was verie strange
 That *Hercules* the lyk did neuer vew
 When a the Gyant *Cacus* (in reuenge
 Of *Italies* enormities) he flew
 Nor when the *Minyan* force before him falls
 Raiging their mightie seige from *Theban* walls.

54.

Nor when he flew the dragone featce in figh
 Yea none of his tuell labours might be match
 To this for that he vfd his strength and might
 And with his weapcins did aduantage watch
 Two hands he had, *Penardo* had but one
 He weapins als our *Champions* had none.

But

THE HISTORIE

§5.

But now the brave *Thessaliene* nought amaizd
Maks him as he the dragon wold assaill
Who with her winges aboue the ground was rais'd
And to the feght him fearfullie did appaill
With opned mouth she pread on him to flye
Who lightlie leaps a lyde and letts her bye.

§6.

Then pull's he out the bloodie weapine streght
From out the deidlie wound and therewithall
Him self addresseth bravelie for the feght
Bott loe he sees the dreidfull dragon fall,
With roaring low'd the earth she rudelie tear
Doun tumbling into hell with greifullie fear.

§7.

A mightie wind made this fair building quak
So that the greater part thei of down fell
The ear he began to ryve and with a shak
The edifice sank downwards vnto hell.
When lo he was vpon a pleasant plaine
Wher of that building did no marck remaine.

§8.

At last he spyes a fearfull laik in sight
Which restless rowlleth lyk a raging Sea
Whoes billowes baits their bounding banks with might
That crubs them from destroying libertie
And whoes huge waues with restless noyes did swel
Though *Aeolus* nere breath'd thei on at all,
Wherby

OF PENARDO and LAISSA.

§9.

Wherby he knew it was the verie same
Wher he to quenche the tapre should returne
Which being done the strong enchanted flamme
Made all the laik with fear and dreid to burne
At last it raise and lyke a thunder-bolt
With fearfull noyes it pearc'd the azure vult.

60.

When as lyk cristall all the streame grew cleir
The which before a pitche colour hyd's
No waue no surge no billow did appeir
Bot softlie on the goldin channell flyds
The syluer streame with sweetest murmuring sound's
Which wind's, rocks, caues, woods, montanes back re-
dounds.

61.

He wonder't much at all these strainge euents
Amaiz'd he stode and gaiz'd vpon the ground
When as thrie pleasant tounb's to him present's
Them self's, wherin he looks what might be found
The tounbs of mabre richelye wrought with gold
Wher on these lynes ingraph'd he did behold.

Laughfull loued and yet
Vnlaughfull was my loue
I'm punisht iustlie for my fault
And yet I faultles prone
I die becaus my cryme
Deseruet well to die.

And

And

THE HISTORIE

And yet no aile nor cryme at all
 Committed was by me
 First did I slay my foe
 And then my foe slew me
 And deid, my Syre I brought to wrack
 Such was my destanie
 The Palace where I dwelt
 Was fairest of remoune
 By festie thousand pillers borne
 All which my death threw downe
 But none can change decrue
 Of Fates nor NON RAPHEL
 If anie for my name enquire
 The former lyne doeth tell.

62.

This matchles Championne was therat amaze'd
 The meining dark he skairfhe could descrye
 But that he knew this trophie now was rais'd
 And that Phelarnon their intomb'd did lye
 For NON RAPHEL he knew his name to be
 And on the second tombc these ly'ns did lie.

Ale to my crewell death
 Ambitione furth did call
 In my reuenge my nationne wrought
 A stranger nationns fall
 And with their fall their owne
 Perpetuall infamie

Text

OF PENARDO and LAISSA.

Thus am I ground of all mischief
 Ordaind by destanie
 Ah curs'd vnbappie loue
 Loue was the caus of all
 In spoyling of my Riualls lyfe
 I spoyld myne owne and all
 Then who so ere shall looke
 On Tropolance his name
 Remember loue to be the cause
 Of ruine, death, and shame.

63.

Penardo was right sorowfull to see
 Such galant Princes so bereft of lyfe
 For that he thought that he had made them free
 But at what tyme he took the fatall knyfe
 From each of them out of his bloodie breist
 Then death from the enchantment them releas'd

64.

Yet more desyre had he the third to see
 Ane trembling feir through all his bodie goes
 For that he feird Laissa dead to be
 And then his longsum trauell should he lose
 But now in Theris azure palace fair
 With her to dally Phelant does repair.

L. ij

Then

Then lowring sad cum furth the cheirles night
Over earth to spred her sable canopy
Whill as the staitlie birning lamps wer light
Shynning in *Ioues* heighe palace presentlie
Twixt fear and hope downe by the Prince vnsein
Vpoune the grasse, soft, fresch, weir, casie, grein.

Caput. XIII.

Argument.

UPoune the sleiping Tounbe the Prince
His trauellis seis ingrapht
He seis *Lais* at their ye sword
He from the rock out rest
A spreit or feind of Hell he meittis
Vpoune *Danubius* fair
That in the shap of Mayd him leids
To paine, wol greif, and cair.

1.

NO sonner goldin *Phebus* guilds the skyes (aer
And shoots furth fyrie beam's throw emptie
Wheas the Prince vp f. o the grasse doe ryse
And in his hart a thou and thoughts repair
His courage fled he doubts, he fairs, he
Floods from his eyes send stream's of sylver tears, fears,
Kend

Kend was his hairt tho not resolu'd to loue
Cairfull his mynd her lyfe for to preserue
Constant kyndnes did he alw yes proue
Courtes and cairfull Ladies fan to serue
His hairt a th one for beauties excellence
If an withheld not Natures influence.

3.

At last to the desyred tounbe he came
Which seem'd not to be wrought with humane hands
So rich to rair to wonderfull the same
Which on four syluer shynning Pillers stands
Of beaten gold to pure fair, cleir, and bright
Whoe shynning seem'd to skorne fair *Phebus* light.

4.

And round about him self e might behold
His traecull's throw the birning caue, it shew
No painting colours beautified the gold
Bot *Emeralds*, *Pearls*, *Rubies*, *Saphirs* blew
Which lyue the shoes each putrat & each pair
So comelic nature helped courious airt.

5.

Their was the putrat of the Sulphure flamme
In birning Charbunkles and manye a estone
Whoes glancing light agais the dune furthe cam
Lyk sparklyng fyre that flam'd that brunt that thone
Ther where the Gy. n. feld him to the ground
And carried him through all the caue a sound.

Lij

THE HISTORIE

6.

A crimfome blufh a pource dy our fprede
His louely face and made him hing his eyes
Shame, raige, reuenge, wraith, furie, anger bred
He loth him felf he freats he frown', he fry's
He thinks thefe purtrats in defpight wer fhorne
To fhew him felf vnto him felf in fhorne.

7.

But looking farther of he did efpy
There wheir The Gyaunt threwe him to the ground
And how he role agane with maieftie
Giuing at once his foe his fatall wound.
Eache purtrat their to pleas his eye contends
And feem'd for former faults to mak amends

8.

There all the reft of this his longfum wark
Wer fynly graph'd in pretious ftones and go'd
The which frome point to point he did remark
And their his woundrous valour might behold
Bot lynes effrayed his hait, his eyes, his ears
He feirs to reid yet reids and reids with tear's.

*All is in vaine all labour is for nought
Frome Manlayes charming fells can non defend
In vaine her lyfe in vaine releif thou foughst
In ending of her pain her lyfe did end
Thow ead her pain and crewell death did fend
This is the fruct of all thy trauels past
I how wrought her death her death to the fhall fend.*
Greif,

OF PENARDO and LAISSA.

Greif, frow, cair wo fhame, difgrace at laft
Set is thy Sune with clouds of fhame or e caft
Spent is thy lamp of glorie praife & fame
Thy honor fudes difhonor buddeth faft
And blaffoms beirs of wo, difgrace, and fhame
Thy glories done praife dead & fame outworre
Go then of heaune, of earth, of hell, the fhorne

9.

Eune as when fearfull dreams in flumbring fleip
Wold mack a man to shout, to cal, to cry
Whi fear and horrou ou'r his fenses creip
Yet fpeichles, fightles, mightles does he ly
So now it feem'd the Prince was in a traunce
And greatlie troubled in his countenance.

10.

Thus drunk with fadnes and deuoyde of ioy
Amaizd he ftoode bereft of fpeich and fence
Dounwarde he cafts his looks with fad anoy
Greif frow cair wold lyfe haue chaiced thence
Of did he wifhe the folid earthe to ryue
And hyd his fhame, by fwallowing him alyue.

11.

But waiking from this dreaming fleip at laft
His loftie witts agane together flies
When as his roaling eyes by chaunce he caft
Aboue the tounge the which he oppin feis
As Seaman in a raiging ftorme of wind
At glaid the land and wifhed fhoe to find.

Liii

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THE HISTORIE

12.

So glaid he was hoping to find releefe
That sorow's past might haue a happie end
Wherefore to eas his cair, his paine, his greif,
A lofe vnto the toubm his looks he send
Where hope with dreid, & dreid with hope made weir
He feird in ioy, & ioyde in mids of feir

13.

For their *Laiſſa* fair he might behold
Nay not *Laiſſa* bot *Penardo* rather
For eu'ne the sharpest eye could not unfold
The meineſt mark of difference mixt ether
And thus not glade whill her he oft in fight's
But eu'ne him ſelf to ſie him ſelf delight's

14.

As that fond boy that gaizd into the wel
Wherein he ſies the ſhaddow of his face
And being deip inamoured of him ſell
Oft looks and oft the image wold embrace
So in her face as in a glas or well
He lou'd the only image of him ſell

15.

She ſat vpon a bench of glanceing g'old
And lein'd her louelie face vpon her hand
Bright look'd her eyes where love & fancie rold
But ſo no ſpunk of aer nor breath he ſand
Yet was her colour lyuelie fair and cleir
A ſilver tinctour in her cheeks appeir,

He

OF PENARDO and LAISSA,

16.

He cald her oft and nam'd her by her name
Firſt ſoft, then lowd, then whiſpred in her care
But yet no ſhow of heiring made the Dame
Nor anie ſigne of lyfe could once appeer
Wherefore ſad ſorow ſhe tried all his ioy
And horried paine his pleaſour did diſtroy.

17.

And can this be (quod he) and art thou dead?
And has the worlde her cheifeſt glorie loſt
Could not my pains thy deareſt lyfe remead
Oh no, no pains, of noght but ſhame I boſt
O ſhame, O ſhame, ſhame brings eternall foyle
Shame ſhall my fame diſgrace, my glorie ſpoyle,

18.

Oh could my lyfe, thy lyfe (deir lyfe) redeeme
Soone ſhould it by diſcharged from this breiſt
Or wold the heauns ſo much my ſoule eſteeme
That heir it might diſlodge and their might reſt
Or that but ſinne my luck les lyfe might ſmaire
I to thy gholt wold ſacraſeize my hairt.

19.

Oh but the ſaits denyes I ſould haue paire
Of thy ſweir ioyes, and heauns denyes my bliſſ
That their ſearce wraith may mak me more to ſmaire
For this my fault, my iniurie, my mis
Curſ'd by the ſp'itt that me deceaued twyce
With viſions dreams, temptatioune, fantaſyes,

Curſ'd

Curs'd be the tyme I put this armour on
Curs'd be the tounge that me their to inty'd
Curs'd be the hands that fram'd the same alone
Curs'd be the witt that armour first deuys'd
Curs'd be the spreits the feinds the furies fell
That built this house of shame, of death, of hell.

And with the word his birning eyes did roll
And shoot furth fearfull flammes & sparkling fyre
Dispyght raige furie madnes did controle
Witt, reasone, shamefast modesties deuyre
Wyldie he lookd, he staid, he gaizd about
Raige had his witt, and reason quyt put out.

Then of his helme and armour did he teir
Which in his furious raige he threw away
Quod he I am not woorthie airm's to beir
If this be all my conquest all my prey
Of simple mayds the blameles lyfe to rack
Heaune, earth yea hell it self, abhors the fact.

Let brightest heaunes a sable hew vnfold
Let grasse and hearbes be withert wheir I goe
Let Sunne and Moone in duskie clouds be rold
Loathing to shyne shameing my faults to shooe
Which could be wrapt in black eternall night
In hell in paine in horror and despyght.

Thus from the tymb he goes furth throw the plaine
And wanders far and wounders at him sell
He seiks the flammig rok but all in vaine
Tha led him first vnto that feild of hell
Then to gett out but none saue *Mansay* knew
That fearfull saue, and his infernall crew.

This valley's wall'd about by *Natures* airt
With mightie craiges, steip rocks, and montanes hie
Except the caue their is no entring pairt
Which by that flammig fyre defendit bee
Their set by *Mansayes* art but now the Prence
The craigs, rocks, montans, climbs, & flieth thence.

While this braue youth torments his mightie mynd
With wo, dispair, care, sorow, greif, and paine
A marble rock his roling eyes out synd
Wheir in he lies a glaunceing sword remaine
The sword half in the rock, a sheild besyde
And vnderneath sum verses he espyd.

But in his furie he disdaind to reid
Which efter was the caus of all his greif
For from the rock did his health proccid
His hope, his hape, his ioy, and his releif
Yet from the rock the sword & sheild he tak
The which, he cutts, he beats, he bowes, he breaks.

This was his sword and sheild which he did leaue
Behind when *Lechers* burning foote he wane
No weapins now he cairs, nor none did craue
He goe: he knowes not why, nor wheir, nor when
Nor stands, nor sits, nor reits in any place
Till *Phæbus* tuyce had sunck, tuyce showne his face,

At last he comes vnto that rolling flood
Heght *Danubie* whoes tumbling billowes roir
His murmring streams in heaps yik montanes shood
To shoulder from his place he craggie shoir
Discharging Surges throw the cliffed rocks
With thundring noyes the fearfull crage he Shoke,

Eune as that mightie yron ingyne strong
His bellie being fild with sulphure broune
Casts furth a flaming smooke cloud along
With fyrie balls that towns and towrs throw doune
And fills the aer with noyes of roaring thunder
The heauns with lightning & the earth with woundes

Eune so this mightie flood with hiddous swye
Of surges great beats doune his brokin shoirs
And ow't the ferill land does swiftilie flie
His sounding streams throw humid aer that roirs
Heir stayd the Prince and heir heir fore'd to stand
Till he epyes vpon the syluer strand,

A litle

A litle baarge that fleitted nigh the p'ace
The which a Damosell a lone did geyde
Bright was her colour lone she was her face
But sorowfull her countenance he geyde
Leauing her barck she quiky to him drew
And sighing sayd thole lynes which Joeth Inſcwe

Ah vofull miſer wretched cre'ture I
Wo, Paine, and death, greif, ſorow, cair, I find
Long haue I gone long ſought ſum Knight to try
Yet were the neerer to my iourneyes end
Ah my poore Lady dies for paine & greif
Ow'cum but caus and vanquiſht but releif.

Altho the Prenee was full of woe and cair
Yet for to heir of Ladies one throw
Did his old paine the ſorow he gott air
Renue augment the eſs, and caus ouerflow
So doe grein wounds their b'idding ſtenſit & gone
The mynd once vexd, againe they ryue anone.

And thus he ſaid fair Lady if you pleaſe
The caus of this your greif I pray you ſhow
To greif (in troubled mynds) it is ane eaſe
The ſame t'vnſord or painners for to know
Wrongs blaizd abroad will ſeldom ſkaipe reprooſe
On gaind ſum hope ſum confort ſum releif.

Fair

THE HISTORIE

36.

Fair sir (quod she) my wrong, my hope, is done
Wrong past releif and hope is turnd dispair
And thogh of ayde my comfort al is gone,
Yet ile vnfold a verie world of cair
Tears stop'd her braith, such cunning could she frame
Now reid, now pale, her coloure, went, and came.

37.

Thus silent did the Lady stay a while
And sigh'd and grond at last from craftie mynd
She breath'd a fougged lye a craftie guyle
A fals deceit sprung of malicious kynd
Yet could she weell dissemble her fayned feirs
With bashfull blushe, with grones, with sighes, & tears

38.

And thus begane, In *Transalpina* fair
Their regn'd a Prince that bold *Euphrastes* heght
Who went with *Darians* to that luckles warre
Of *Greece* their flaine by proud *Theffalane* might
He left no *Heyre* his sceptour for to hald
But his fair wyfe the fair *Philena* cald

39.

So young, so wyle, so vertuous, and so fair
All Regions fild wer with her glorious fame
So excellent in all perfectiones rare
That Monarches, Kings and Prences, swed the dame
And wow'd, her, sought her, loud her, yet still fynd
That none could proue or moue, or match her mynd.

At

OF PENARDO and LAISSA,

40.

At last fame singes her beautie sounds her worthe
In th' ears of *Antiochs* braue Prince anone
The round, the sad and solide globe sought furthe
Apollo shynd not on a brauer one
His might, his strength, his woorth, his val'rous deids
Alcmenas feare vnconquered Sone exceids.

41.

Fame kendled so this Prince with hote desyre;
Which to *Philenas* loue did him prouock
That nather could he ceas, nor quenshe the fyre
Which death ordaind both loue and lyfe to chocke
But to our court he come ane errant Knight
And saw her fair, and seing loud the fight.

42.

He serud her long and by his valour wrought
Deids of great wonder, woorth the eternall fame
And for his due rewarde of her he sought
Her loue, her fauour, maryage was his ayme
She no les brunt with loues consuming fyre
Yields to his sute consents to his desyre.

43.

At last that day, cursd day wnhappie yeir
When loues vnsein delight and beauties treasure
The fortres which all wemen holds most deir
She should haue randred he receaud with pleasure
Eune that same day with strength, with might, & stryfe
She is caried thence and he bereft of lyfe.

By

THE HISTORIE

44.

By tuo strong gyants mightie feare and bold
Which *Maro* feare and *Bramarano* heght
That does ow'r Creitt their crewell scepter hold
Which they haue won by murther, bloode, and feght
Her beautie fame vnto their ears hade soundit
Where by proud *Bramarano's* hart was woundit,

45.

This *Bramarano* sone to *Maro* is
Who hearing of *Philenas* wedding day
Come with his Syre and festie Knight of his
While she (poore soule) was but ane easie prey
For all the court in pompe in ioy in stat
Had nether sword shield armis nor feard deceat.

46.

Thrie scoir and more into this wofull broyle
Wer slaine and their the Prince of Antioch fell
Whoes onlie valour long with stude this spoyie
Seune armed Knights he slew vnarm'd him self
On *Bramarano's* sword at last he smaited
O crewell death, o Tyrant crewell haited.

47.

This wofull murther wrought, they thence remoue
Philana fair, with trauell paine and toyle
Nor could her car, her greif, her sorow, moue
Their harts to pitie, nor their hands from spoyie
But *Bramarano* would haue rapt the prey
Which eye should not behold, nor tongue bewray.

And

OF PENARDO and LAISSA.

48.

And yet withe tear's with murninge, and complain
His haire by Nature furious, scarce, and crewell
She mou'd on this conditione to relent
Tho loue still brunt, and lust still fond the fewell
Where nought but beautie breiderh loues desyre
Lust feids the flamme, and booldith stil the tyre.

49.

He was content if in tuo months she could
Find out a knight to vanquish him in fight
Vnto her formar libertie she should
Be set and he should quyt discharge his right
Prouyding if no Knight with stoode his stryfe
She should remaine his Concubine or wyfe

50.

And now tuo tym has swartishe *Cynthia* shynd
Tuyce showin her spherick face with borrowed light
And tuyce agane to horned shape declynd
Since I frome fair *Philena* took my flight
To find sum Knight, sum Champione, or sum Lord
That wold to hit, his happie ayde afford.

51.

Yet haue I fund not one that hade regaird
To honor glorie fame or dignitie
Altho she geues her self for their rewaird
Who conquere shall so scarce ane Enemie
And now no more but full tuo weiks remains
Of the appointed tyme which he ordains.

M

Thus

Thus haue yow liard the somme and heill effect
Of all my toyle, my trauell, and my paine
Sure then quod he it seem's that yow neglect
To find a Knight or els no Knights remaine
Bot if the heau'ns so pleas or it be long
I shall abait his pryde, reuenge her wrong.

Thanks sir quod she, your great good will I sic
But lo yow lack both amour sword and shield
I was but knighted now of lait quod he
And swoor to wear none till I want in feild
Why then quod she if our reuenge ensue
The heau'ns has smild and I haue done my due.

The Prince and she both enters in the daunce
But heau'ns preferue him from that decul she traine
Which falslie is deuys'd for him at lairge
To worke his shame, his fall, his death, his paine
Who ou'r that great *Danubius* is gone
A compancid with fals deceat alone.



Caput. XIII.

Argument.

The Prince is by this feind furbled
Vnto Philena's bower
He slayes the Gyant seine by fair
Philena from her tower
Her raige to loue does turne but long
Disdaine turns meir despight
She seeks his death he's by an
Angell ward & flies by night.

1.

H Appie ar they that can eschew deceat
Whoes baits ar beutie glorie flattric gaine
That vertue pulls frome honors hie estait
Alluring them by what they wold obtaine
Thus hope of vertue glorie praise & fame
Leads them to death destructione foyle & shame.

2.

So does the craftie *Crocadeill* entyse
(Beneath the fertile banks of flowing *Nile*)
The traucellers with murnefull platts and cryes
As if wer sum wofull wight that feill
The pains of death but when they come to sic
With terrour feir and death tormented be.

Mij

Suche

THE HISTORIE

36

Suche kynd compassione with *Penardo* wrought
He goes bot knowes not to his death deuy's'd
So was decreid and so *Philena* sought
So with this false deceit she him entys'd
Fortatling Fame had maid it knowne to all
That Prince *Euphrastes* did before him fall.

4.

Whair fore long tyme she morn'd she sigh't she plaind
At last she send (when for reuenge she cries)
For *Arebo* a visarde (who sustain'd
And brought her vp in youthe) with him t'aduyse
Whoes airt his wit his will to ill entys'de
Ay ill he wrought ill vsde and ill deuy's'de.

5.

He told her that the Prince *Penardo* was
So braue a knight whom heaune so muche did fauour
All sights all straits all daunger could he pas
Except he chanc'd but sword or armis to wauer
In chantment strong his vertue still commands
If mou'd to wraith whole armes he withitands.

6.

Whoes might be then had brought to end (he said)
The fairest rarest wonderfullest warke
That ere be force of magick airt was maid
Yet he the wished end shall not remark
For that shall be vnsein vnfun'd vnknowne
Till tyme place fates and fortune leaue to frowne.

Whair

OF PENAKDO and LASSA

7.

Whair for now fits the seafone for reuenge
Now fits the tyme to croune thy iust desyre
Now trauels he throw desert montanes strainge
From whence my arte shall mak him heir reter
For *Bramarano* send whoes strenth all knowes
To the that Gyaunt great affectione shewes.

8.

Feid him with shewes and shaddowes of delight
Whoes va'our strenth and might so weell is knowen
If not by him not by the world that Knight
May be orecum or vanquish or o're throwen
Yea if he had his armour sword or shield
He nor all *Europe* could not win the feild.

9.

Thus did the wiked wisard her entyse
To act this fals deceit and crewell sight
Which was perform'd eunc as he did denyse
And *Bramarano* brought was to the fight
Whoes furie strenth and might so knowne by fame
That all those kingdomes trembled at his name.

10.

Thus *Arebo* and wicked feind hade sent
(In shape of Mayde) with whom o're that fair stream
Of *Danubie*, the Prince *Penardo* went
Not doubting ill deceit disg'raee nor shame
But in her louelie looks deceit did loure
So Serpents lurck amidst the fairest floure.

M iij

When

THE HISTORIE

II.

When ouer *Danubius* the Prince was gone
With this foule feind this ladie and this guyde
Such will hast, zeal, and such desyre alone
He had that fast he on his iourney hy'd
Ah happie Prince had it bene know'ne to the.
Who train'd the, brought the bure the compaine.

12.

In fals report no credit nor no hope
They wold haue had nor haue beleued deceat
But mightie *Ioue* who gaue thy rains the skoipe
His Angell send for to preferue thy staitt
Els furies feinds ghostes Spreits & fairies all
Had brought shame death & euerlasting fall,

13.

Guydit by hell altho preferud by heaun's
At last *Phileas* palace he espyde
Vpon a rock heighe built wer castells seaues
Below a murmuring riuer softe glyd
Ore whiche the rock with rugged airms furth lay
Threatning his fall her speedie course to stay.

14.

Thrie quarters of this rock the riuer folds
And in her asure armes it rude ye tak
A honie plaine thrusts in betwaine which holds
The streame vnmet whoes roaring billowes braks
With surges great vpon the sandie shoare
Yet to the rock the plaine a passage boire.

The

OF PENARDO and LAISSA.

15.

The rugged craiges and clifts that seem'd thus brok
Was cled with tries with hearb's with flours witgrasse
Which garland wayes beded'd the mightie rok
Pyns Cedars Oaks Palms Esches Firs Embrase (sheds
The streame below wheire, Caues, walks, groaues, and
Erects to *Venus* chambers galries beds.

16.

The Prince with great delight walked throw the same
At last his ey sight lady sayes Sir Knight
On top of yonder rok abyds my dame
From whence you must releas her by youre might
The gyant by the way will you assail
No longer must I stay for fear farweall.

17.

And with the word she glyd's throw shaiples aeg
He gaz'd about to sie wher she was gone
But nought he seis yet nothing could he fear
But for ward still he goes and goes alone
By *Arebo* at last the Prince was knowen
And to *Philena* from heighe turrets showne.

18.

Then from her springs of tears bright flames furth shyn'd
Wher raige reuenge mischeif wraith anger bud
With sorow care, woe, greif and saidnes pyn'd
Wyldlic she gaz'd with rolling eyes as wode
Now *Bramaran* with tears and groines she mou'd
She sigh'd she murn'd she plain'd she pray'd she prou'd
M iij She

THE HISTORIE

19.

She mou'd him prou'd him wisht him tak reuenge
Of that fearce crewel proud disdainfull Knight
Which if he did she promeist to exchange
Her self for guerdone of his strenth & might
Her croune her wealth her kingdome al efford
All should be his & he should be her Lord.

20.

As he who gaizeth one the Sune is feine
To haue a weake a dimm and daizied sight
So blindit was the gyants hungrie cyne
Who all this tyme fed on her beaurie bright
Feir not Madame (quod he) be heaune I sweie
His bodie frome his cursed head to tear.

21.

His looks from loue now chang'd to wraith & ire
Soone was he arm'd and soone to battel dight
Doun from the rok he goes with great desyre
To fecht to vanquish and to slay the Knight
So does a falcone soaring in the skye
Haist doun when as his prey he does espy.

22.

By this the Prince was come the rock hard by
Winds birds and streams thrie pairs sang in his care
When he that mightie g'yant did espy
Lyk *Typhon* that appeald the gods to weare
Nor had the Prince sword sheild nor armour strong
But choos'd a club the sturdie Oaks among.

Wher

OF PENARDO and LAISSA

23.

Wherwith he march'd against his mightie foe
Whoes throat send furth a hoarse confused sound
So buls and lyons roir to fecht that goe
Ah Gods quod he this simple man confound
Who naked bear but armour sword or sheild
Dars fecht or look or meit me in the feild.

24.

Ceas quod the Prince thy threats and babling tounge
Use now thy sword thy hand thy strength thy might
So pleas the heauns ile mak the knowe long
Tabatt thy pryde God has ordain'd a Knight
Then do thy worst or best or what thou may
Heauns be my hope my strength & thy decay.

25.

No longer could feirce *Bramarano* stay
Foame from his mouth fyre sparkled from his eyes
Thy spytfull cursed head (quod he) ile lay
In fair *Phileas* lape for thy defyes
This sayd together flew the champions bold
Their battell strainge rare woundrous to behold.

26.

Penardo was of bodie great and strong
Quick nimble active reddie sharpe and light
The gyant lyk a tour as great as long
It seem'd if he but fell vpon the Knight
That he woid crush his bones to preces small
So Serpents fecht with *Elephants* more tal,

Penardo

Penardo eye his hand his fute goes right
 He nimble shuns the gyants mightie bloes
 The Gyant spends his force in vaine, to light
 And reddie was the Prince who alwayes goes
 Trauersing heir and their and oft at neid
 Stricks wards retereis turns And assails with speid

28.

Thus long in equall ballance stoode the feild
 But farr vnequall in their armes they fall
 The Gyant arm'd with mass arm's sword and sheild
Penardo had no armes sword, sheild at all
 While thus they stryue to win stout hardy bold
Philena from her tour did them behold,

29.

Long gaizd she thus and long she lookt thairone
 At last she said vnto the wisard old
 Sure wer thy words and sure yone Knight alone
 If arm'd gainst mightie armes might be bold
 It fears me now and sure I dreid his strengthe
 Shall vnreucng'd my vengeance work at lengthe,

30.

This sayde the dame for that she felt her haire
 From raige reuenge and vengeance to Relent
 Raige myld became and vengeance did conuert
 To pitie, then did crueltie repent
 Of ill the sourse dryd vp the spring did cease
 What discord ist that loue can not apaise,

But *Arebo* (who had her words mistane)
 Sayd: hoe Madame I fear our hope shall chainge
 If he yone weapine from the Gyant gaine
 In vaine our toyle in vaine our wish'd reuenge
 Wherefore me thinks it best thus to preuent
 Thy Gyaunts death his lyfe your discontent,

32.

In matcheles *Macedone* their regnes a Queene
 To *Geraldinus* sole and onely Heyre
 At whoes sad birth the *Destanies* wer seine
 T'ordaine her fate strange wounderfull and raig
Clorbo ordaind of all the earth alone
 She should be fair and equall ynto none,

33.

Nixt *Lachesis* ordaind and did protest
 She should be loud of all that vew'd her face
 And *Atrepe* made her spotles pure and chaste
 Tho loud of all she nere should loue embrace
 O beautie rair O chastitie, O loue
 O woundre vertues thrie, thrie vyces proue,

34.

For still her beautie praise augments her pryde
 The loue of all her heighe disdaind still feids
 Pryd and disdaind the ornaments does hyde
 That from her spotles chastitie proceids
 Nor meik nor myld nor humble is her mynde
 Non she regards non canc her fauour synde,

Thus

Thus manie thousands loues and dies for loue
 And thousands loues and liues a deing lyfe
 And thousands mo (that dar not fortune proue)
 Sum kills them self sum kild by Riuals stryfe
 Loue breids confusioune warre blood discord death
 Al loues few liues and none withstands her wraith.

She conquers all and yet her gaine is losse
 When she has vanquisht all she wins but shame
 There she ore cum's these breids her greatest croce
 This crewell Queene *Olindo* heght to name
 Whom by my arte ile mak this Knight to sie,
 Her shall he loue and louing her shall die.

But fair *Philenas* ferce reuenge or now
 Was overcome with pitie myldnes loue
 Sighes grones and tears wer all that she could dow
 True signes wherby we true repentance proue
 At last she sayd shall he depart ah no
 Ile haue his cursed hairt before he gos.

For if stout *Bramaran* he chance to kill
 Eune heir will I inuit him for to rest
 Then fits the tyme then must I work my will
 Then to my wishe shall my reuenge be best
 Loath wold I be that any should bereaue
 The lyfe I should I wold and I must haue.

This spak the Dame all that her heirs still weining
 That she decreit by death to work his smart
 But subtile wemens words hes double meining
 Each blow that he receaues lights on her hairt
 Oft lookd she doune oft victorie she prayd him
 And with her looks her hairt flies furth to ayd him.

And all this tyme still equall stood the fight
 The gyants bloes could neuer do him harme
 He was so agill nimble quick and light
 At last he lighted on the Gyants airme
 Wher his left shouldeir band it to his back
 Which with his club lyke *Hercules* he brack.

Wheirar proud *Bramarano* raiging more
 Cursd all the Gods and cursd heighe he auns about
 In vaine his blowes in vaine his masse he boir
 In vaine his force his strength his might to proue
 Wheirfore in raige his masse away he slong
 And drawes a curtlay keine sharpe heauie long.

Wheirwith he fearfull did assayle the Prince
 Vniring force strength furie raige and wraith
 Now gainst his thundring blowes was no defence
 He geues not Prince *Penardo* leaue to braith
 For now his club was no defence at al
 The Gyant cuts the same in peices smal

43.

Nere was the Prince in daunger vntill now
Now lytle could his lightnes him defend
He geues him wound on wound and blow on blow
Wheirfrom the blood in purple streams descend
So does a fontane made with arte and cunning
His streams in sundre oppin paires furth running

44.

Greates shouts and clamours from the castell came
Wheirwith that wicked crew expresse their ioye
But chee the *Arebo* who sayde Madame
Our skill our wit our flight no more employ
Ours is the day the feight the victorie
His be the fall the wrak the in famie.

45.

Ah quod the *Queene* it much torments my mynd
That *Bramarano* liues if he should die
My loue my self my mariage I alsyng'd
To him and deathe (ye know) it wer to me
Him for to wed which he wil haue perforce
Ah deir reuenge ah lait too lait remorse.

46.

Ah heauns I wishe yone crewel Knight alyue
Till my reuenge my self should vndertake
If he the Gyaunt of his lyfe depriue
Eune him my thrall and bund slaue wold I make
No more for greif and sorow could she say
Her tears her sighes her grones the rest bewray!

But

47.

But she disguyfd her loue with showes of hate
Altho for loue she tremble pant and quake
These words againe did to her self repeat
Eune him my thrall and bond slaue wold I make
But o sweet loue should be his prisone good
My airms should be his bands my lips his foode.

48.

And thus did she this doubtfull feight attend
With torment fear care sorow greif and paine
For eue drop of blood the Prince did spend
Her hait a sighe her eyes a teare furth straine
Still when the Gyaunt stricks she starts she cries
The wounds impresse in her bosome lyes.

49.

Amazement greif and sorow mixt with doute
Her change of hewes her thoughts confusioush shewes
Cold was her blood within but hote without
Trew witnes that her hait her torment knowes
Now reid now pale now pale now reid agane
Her loue bred fear fear greif & greif bred paine.

50.

Hard was the flait wheirin *Penardo* stood
His club now gone long deip and wyde each wound
From whence flow'd riuers of his purple blood
Which dyed in sanguine all the floure ground
With weknes now he wearies and he faints
His agill leaps and nimble quicknes wants.

Of

THE HISTORIE

51.

Ofte fought he with the gyant for to close
A' tho his wounds his strength & lyfe did waiste
But all in vaine his trauell did he loose
Such was the gyants wraith his raige his haist
That him now heir now their now out now in
He foied about the field for to rine.

52.

At last he stumbled on the yrone masse
Whereof as then great neid great help he fand
That he it got the Prince right ioyfull was
Now strength reneu'd into his strengthles hand
Reuenge bred ire wraith furie raige and might
Wherewith againe he did renew the fight.

53.

Fierlie he faught but feble was his strengthe
His might his sight his cunnige all was gone
And onlie wratth manteind the feght at lengthe
The gyaunt breathles brufd with blowes alone
At last eache one so neir to vther drew
That breist to breist and airme to airme they threw.

54.

Blood moud the Prence a dreid reuenge to tak
Shame moud the werie Gyaunt vnto wraith
Shame gainst reuenge reuenge gainst shame does wrake
Their ire their will their veangeaunce vnto deathe
Thryce stroaue the gyaunt in his armes to fold
The Prince, but his left airme refusd his hold.

Which

OF PENARDO and LAISSA

55.

Which great eduantage did the Prince espy
And in his armes the gyant stronglie greips
Whill both their feble forces thus they try
Sad night with sable wings their deids cclip's
Whill as her daughter darknes their resorts
To gujde the gyaunts soule to *Platos* port's.

56.

Thryce girt the Prince the Gyant in his armes
And thryce againe he's forc'd to let him go
With deip and deidlie wounds the gyant harm's
The back the leggs the theighs of his strong foe
By on vnarm'd so ouercum to be
He loath'd he scorn'd and he disdain'd to die

57.

Thus strugling long at last to ground they pas
Off fallis the Gyants helme the Prince up flies
And quicklie with that mightie irone masse
Beats furth his brains & with his brains his eyes
Thus bold disdainfull fearece prow'd full of wraith
He yeelds his soule to hell his lyfe to death.

58.

The Prince gaue *loue* his prase his thanks his right
But yet this bluddie conquest had so much
Febled his strenght his ualour & his might
Tyrd wer his trembling legges his waiknes such
He falls at last no differ could ye kno
Betwixt the victor and his vanqueist foe.

N

The

The Queene *Philena* fair (who all this while
Hade weel remark'd the valour of the Prince)
Cheitd vp her wofull looks and with a smile
She haisted doune to bring *Penardo* thence
Whom when she saw ly pale cold bloodles dead
She grou'nd she sigh'd she sank doune at his head.

60.

This sight amaz'd her seruants much but more
It troubled *Arebo* the trueth to fynde
At last his science airt and magik loir
Reueild to him the secreit of her mynd
Wherefore with cair greif sorow wo & wounde
He fear's least deathe part lyfe & loue assunder.

61.

Althoe eune to the deathe he haits the Prince,
Yet for *Philena's* cause for him did cair
And foslie caus'd them bo: he be caried thence
Vp to the rock and lay'd in chambers fair
Where soone he brought by skill arte craft in gyne
His lyfe his ienses and releif from pyne.

62.

When lyfe o're death hade got the victorie
And feir *Philena* hade reuiud againe
Loue stroake with shame and shame with in famie
And in famie reuiud what loue had flaine
But shame reuenge haite in famie and all
At last by lout was foght foyld bund in thral.

Wherefore

Wherefore thes e words she sadlie did rehears
O lawles Loue imperious proud and cre well
Vniust vntearnd vnconquerd strong & searce
O thou of goode and bad effects the few all
Thow moues mischeif shame dath warr woe despyght
And freindschip true true ioy & true delight.

64.

And thus thou art! More wold ye dame haue sayde
But *Arebo* she seis who did remoue
The Ladies all when she on bed was layde
His cure his spells and mightie charme to proue
She that her self bewray'd might now behold
Discoured al, reueild all al she told.

65.

So does a craftie Traitor to a King
Who with his fellowes has conspyrd his death
But fearing once discoverie of the thing
Repentance faynes in looks in words in breath
Discouering all their curs'd, malicious treason
And still him self condemn's him self with reason.

66.

When *Arebo* hade harde the taill she told
Still interrupt with grones with sighes with tear's
His haire inclynd to cruelie he wold
And could haue bene content to stope his eares
But that the loue he bore vnto the Dame
Stop'd vp his wraith and quenst'd his furies flamme.
Nij Wherefore

THE HISTORIE

67.

Wherefor this much he promis't her at len'the
That he so weell his phisick wold apply
His health his vigour beautie blood & strength
Should to his fenewes vaine & arteirs flie
Which in few dayes he had performed so
The Prince began to ryse to walk to goe.

68.

Whom to *Philena* eue ie day repairs
Her cheifest pleasure was, to dres each wound
Her snow whyte hand she daintie prepaire
To dight to dry to dres to rype the ground
Loue smayld to see his nourish thus allurde
O happie man so drest so heald so curde

69.

And whill she twich'd his soft & snow white skin
Which heir and there was staine'd with purple blood
Tears frome her eyes lyk liquid pearle down rinne
And on his skin oft trembled cold & stood
To plead for their fair da me & seem'd to moue
His haire to yeeld to pitie or to loue.

70.

Some tyme she ey'd his fair and louelye face
His goldin locks his quick sweet smyling eyes
His weell proportion'd limms & curye place
She still remarks still feids on what she seis
She looks she vewes admir's & still she gaizerb,
And frome each part a wound her loue increaseth

Weell

OF PENAKDO and LASSA.

71.

Weell might the Prince behold her passions strong
Yet seem'd he nought to know or not allow
Least by deny all he should do her wrong
Whoes martiall mynd to loue could neuer bow
Yet courtesie her profer'd pains with stands
Which for vnkyndnes she tak's at his hand's

72.

Oft by her looks yet would she mak him know
The passioune that torments her inwart mynd
Oft by her p'ettie speeches would she show
She caid not muche altho he wold be kynd
And often be similituds would proue
How farr her Sex exceedeth his in loue.

73.

But nether speeche similituds nor looks
Could mak him quick or capable at all
He could not see those baits, allurements hook a
Or seing would not see nor heare their call
Still *Mars* his Sogecour he him self had sworne
For *Cupid* he was nather bred nor borne.

74.

Yet fair *Philena* could not leaue to loue
With new conceits new toys & questions new
Which in ane vthers persone she wold proue
By parables his fantasie to subdue
But seing nother this nor that could moue him
With sighes and tear's she told him she did loue him.
Nij. Wheirag.

THE HISTORIE

75.

Whereat he stood long silent and amazed
At last resolud to tak it but in skorne
He sayd Madame i'mat glade yow so ar pleas'd
To tak your pastyme of a wretche for lorne
Whoes birth whoes merit and whoes poore estate
Your basest hand mayde wold not chuse for mate.

76.

By this his simple answer weel she knew
He knew her loue her passion and her mynde
Whereat she sham'd & chang'd to vermeil hew
Sham brought in wraith, wraith sweir he was vnkyn'd
Wraith brings in haire in haire away she flong
And whill she flies disdain chac'd loue along.

77.

Penardo left in chamber now alone
Repents him of his answer rashly sayde
Ah now *Philena* had yow knowne his mone
And sein the grones, the sighes, ye tears he shade
Once more thy cruell mynd had now repented
And thy mischeif new bred had new repented.

78.

But heaun's deny'd his pace and her content
So prone and bent her mynd was to mischeefe
Who now with *Arebo* has geuen consent
To end his dayes and with his dayes her greefe
In thow a priuie posterne they should creep
And in his bed should murder him a sleep.

OF PENARDO and LAISSA.

79.

When bright *Apollo* sank down vnder ground
And *Night* look'd vp with manie thousand eyes
Penardo in his bed was sleeping sound
Ane Angell bright discend from heaune he fies
Who sayd vp vp heighe *Ioue* commands ye flie
Flie then in haist for if yow stay thowle die.

80.

Then he awaks and leaps vnto the flure
His burning eyes rold staid & gaizd about
At first he could not think him self secure
To go from thence or stay such was his dout
Not that he feard whole armies their to fynd
But cald *Philenas* restles futte to mynd

81.

Whill dimme weak hale and feble *Cynthia* shyne
Her borrowed light she lends to arme ye Prince
With armour bright riche costlie rair and fyne
And with a sword & sheild for his defence
Which fair *Philena* gaue him long ago
And with them would haue geu'ne her self also.

82.

Be chance then to ye dure he did repair
Which to receaue the murtherers oppin stoope
And doune a black deip dark and hollow stair
Which seem'd to lead to hell and *Lethes* floode
At last benethe the rock wher waters glyde
Furthe their he come doune be the *Riuers* syde,

N iij

And

When

And thus along the riuer syde he goes (knowe
 Throw rocks craigs tries woods groues and paths va-
 In silence of the night whill *Cynthia* shes
 Her pale weak pure cleir syluer Beam's fush throwne
 Throw glomie aer tuixt clouds youth *Zephyrs* brings
 Vpone his soaring swift & lofte wings.

Caput. XV.

Argument.

*The Murderers mis their fals intent
 Alone Penardo flies
 He on the banks of Theissa fair
 The Heyre of Hung'ry seiss
 By Argalantes rest away
 He kills him brings her thence
 He foyle Lord Doreo in her sight
 Shes amorous of the Prince.*

Great harme ensue by ouer great desyre
 O vaine desyre ridiculous and ill
 That birnes the mynd & setts the haire on fyre
 From the proceids wode furious fraintik uil
 A groundles deip of ill if ill abuse
 Diuerse inconstant infinit confusde

Vnaturall

Vnnaturall desyres heighe heauens offend
 And appetits immoderat and vaine
 As birning lust but limits bounde or end
 A sink of sin a gulfe a sea a maine
 Which drawes the soule from heaunlie contemplations
 And beastle bruttshie maks her operations.

Yea who soere or what soere they be
 Suffring them selfs with lust for to be led
 They ar no more them selfs, no more ar frie
 Nor from no trauell paine and labor fred,
 For their desyre a thousand wayes they vse
 Nor for it thousand torments will refuse.

Their bodie not refusing thousand pains
 So they obtain their pleasure their desyre
 Into their mynd a thousand helis remains
 In quenshing (thought vnquenshable) their fyre
 And their desyre their fyre incressing still
 Turns furie seiks for death if want of will.

Suche furie in *Philena* fals abyds
 Who birnes in fyre of sensuall delight
 Wanting her will and her desyre prouyds
 In furie for to murder this her Knight
 Not loue of him but lust in her remaind
 And therefore crewell death becaus restrained.

THE HISTORIE

6.

For presentlie no sooner was he gone
When sextein Knights array'd in armour cled
And throw that secret passage goes anone
With cleir sharpe swords about the Prince his bed
The which if mightie *Ioue* had not forsein
Their had he died, their had he murdre'd beine.

7.

But he whom heaun's preferud for better hape
Did restles on his longsum iourney wend
Till *Tytan* thrice in *Tbetis* watie lap
Had dy'd and thrice his spherick course did end
When he vpon the banks of *Teissa* fair
Lay doune and ends his wearie iorney their.

8.

This *Teissa* is a fair and pleasant floode
Which *Hungaries* east bordour rins a longe
Neir to that montanes seuine heighe hoarie rude
Which *Transylvania* fortifie right strong
Heir rests the Prince all night & feids his mynd
With conquest praille and glorie brought from Inde

9.

And wher he lay the riuer from a rock
Pour'd doune his pure cleir syluer streams in stoir
Which on the peble channell softlie brok
Throw hollow concaues of the crooked shoir
Whoes ghostlie roars maks all the craigs to ring
Whill trees birds winds with sweet reports does sing.
Whoes

OF PENARDO and LAISSA

10.

Whoes confort rare of musick sweet and syne
Soung him a sleip till bright *Aurora* ryse
Whoes mantle bright reid whyt & cleir did shyne
And alter turne and change in azure skyes
A suddan sound (into his ears that rings
A waks the Prince with shouts and murmerings.

11.

He starts a lost and looking round about
He sies ten Knights come fro a forrest wyde
Who Capriue led scaune Ladyes in a rout
Whom with away in greattest hast thay ryde
He drawes his sword and with his shield he goes
To wine that prey be valour death and bloes.

12.

One of the ten their pafsage to mak frie
Cums farr before and caught his mightie launce
The which he shuns with hand with fute with eye
And quicklie did his murdering blade aduance
Which in the Knights haitt bloode he sheathd perforce
Then took his launce and quicklie man'd his horse.

13.

By this the Ladies and the Knights drew neir
And swor their fellow should not die for nough
One moir they send the passage for to cleir
Who se king for reuenge a vengeance bought
The Prince cune with his fellowes lance a paire
Pearst throw his breist his bodie and his haitt,

The

THE HISTORYE

14.

The rest with raige with furie and despight
The Ladeis daintie hands and fette hade bund
And taine them fro their horse for feir of flight
And left them sadlie weeping on the ground
And in their furie mad for their reuenge
All with the Prence began a battell strainge.

15.

The Prence who saw the ladies weep and murne
His ire and wraith was chang'd to pitie myld
But pite vnreuegd to raige did turne
Thus like a lyone angrie scarce and wyld
His flaming sword he tof'd till they all shoke
Yet fainting striks and tremble whil they stroke.

16.

The Prince rush throw them with his brand heigh borne
Death by his syde at each bloe one to catche
As if the cutts doune the graine the grasse the corne
So cut befor him fall they eurye wratche (paine
Each bloe a wound catch wound brought death with
Him self vntiutch'd vnarm'd vnhurt remaine.

17.

Eune as a montane craige or mightie rock
Whom raiging seas or blustering winds assaile
Gainst seas winds stormes & lightning thunder broke
Still vnremou'd abyds and neuer fail
So sted fastlye the Prince with stooode their strengthe
And hurt feld slew or chac'd them all at lengthe.

Not

OF PENARDO and LAISSA

18.

Not one now left his furie to withstand
His bloodie brand he dights and sheaths it then
The ladies he would louse bound fute and hand
Tormented sore with sorow greif and payne
And she that Mistres seemd of al to be
Her lows'd the Prence from bands & set her free.

19.

Mistres she was indeid of all the rest
For comelines for beautie and for grace
For verteous mynd vnstaind pure cleine and chaste
Meik modest myld and sprung of princelie race
The feild of loue did modest vertue plow
And ript the fructe vpuld as yet that grow.

20.

Her modest blushe her Sane slayne beauties ray
Her fyrie sparkling light cleir bright and shynning
Their goldin beams springs furt in wantone playe
Streams on the Prence his face whoes eyes refynning
Hade recolle' of her spredding beams in one
And throwes them back and burns her haire anone

21.

So bright *Apollo* spreads his beam's o're al
And sweetlie warms and comforts eurye floure
But in a litle birning glas recal
His rayes he shows his might his strength his powre
For that to which before he comfort brought
He birns he skortches and consumes to nought.

The

THE HISTORYE

22.

The Prince admeird the beautie of her face
She stood she staid she wound it & she gaiz'd
Still from his eyes come lightnings furthe a pace
Which brint her haire dilmayd and much amaiz'd
For loue of eury glance and eury looke
Now weapins forg'd when with her haire he strooke.

23.

Thus flood the dame now pale now reid now wane
Which weell bewrayde the passions of her haire
Till floods of tears from her faire eyes downe ranne
Sighes from her swelling breist vnfoldes her smaire
Then loue for mend's did change to cristall ball's
The syluer globes which from her eyes downe fall's.

24.

And then he throwes at Prince *Penardos* eyes
Theirwith to hit to wound, or worke his smaire
But all to weak his chyldishe airme he seies
To harme the man that had a *Mars* his haire
Wherefore he sweir in furie raige and ire
To set eyes haire and all into a fyre.

25.

An arrow from his quauer furth he drew
The which by chance did bear a leaddin head
Whereof he nothing in his furie knew
Till in the Princes haire he fixt the lead
Then *Cupid* blusht & sighd and grond full sore
Who neuer knew that he was blind before.

An

OF PENARDO and LAISSA

26.

An ether shaft with goldin head he tak
Wherewith he wold vndo his worke ere long
But all in vaine his trauell now he mak
For that the vthers poy gone was too strong
Yet mollesed the force and did him moue
To pitie her becaus he could not loue.

27.

Then weiping throw the aer young *Cupid* flies
To show vnto his mother his mischance
The dame who now had cleird hir wattriceyes
With modest blushe and smyling countenance
Gave thanks vnto the Prince for his releefe
When to appeid more harme & more mischeefe.

28.

For that a mightie Gyant they espyde
Come from the woode vpon a Cameall strong
At whoes hudge fearfull sight the ladies cry'd
O now begins our hell our death ow'r wrong
But she that was vnbound with smyling cheir
Sayde thus vnto them all, leaue of your fear.

29.

In this most braue and gallant Knight remains
Our hope, our confort, our releefe, our strengthe
Such vertue grace and valour he retains
That he must be our tour and sheild at lengthe
Loue bred her courage that the taill had tolde
What one so fear'd but loue can mak them bolde.

Such

THE HISTORIE

30.

Such was her loue altho her loue was new
Then leaue her secound self she rather die
The Prince that saw the Gyant neuer drew
Sayd thus to her fair lady now I see
I may not stay the rest for to rebind
Wherefore that waik to yow must be assingde.

31.

Go then quod she heauns the preserue from ill
So small a work as this may I performe
He hors'd and took a mightie lance him till
Then reddie he abyds the furious storme
The Gyant neir now dead seiscurye Knight
And cryd ah Gods do I behold this sight,

32.

Trembling with wraith with anger raige and yre
He gnash'd his teeth and shook his head a round
Out from his eyes flew flamms of sparkling fyre
And from his throat a hoarse confuted sound
His braith within his throat his speeches toir
So bulls and lyones billow feight and roir.

33.

Thus in his madnes furie wraith and haist
He coucht his mast-lyke lance & furth did runne
The Prince that hade before his lance in raist
Lyk haist lyk wil hade lyk desyre to win
And thus lyke *Pegasus* grosse earth they spair
And flies lyk thunderbolts throw boxin aer,

OF PENARDO and LAISSA.

34.

The Gyaunt brak his lance first on the prince
Him felt not steirt nor hurt nor mou'd at all
But gainst the Prince his armes wer no defence
Split was his haire he doune to ground did fall
With such a noyes & such a thundring sound
As maks a mightie tour that falls to ground.

35.

Be this the Ladyes of their bonds werresed
And saw this bloodie monsters fatall end
Terrour of him and horror of the dead
Made them to shrink and fearfull looks furth send
They stood amaizd dismay'd affraid they fanted
Their timorous haires in their weak bosoms panted.

36.

When to the Dam's the Prince retereid back
Those Ladyes all fall's doune vpon their kneis
First *Ione* then him they thank for this kynd act
With tears lyke pearle that streams from their fair eyes
They myldlie him be seeche request and pray
Of pitie mercie grace that he wold stay.

37.

As he hade freed them from that Tyrann strong
To be their gairde their gyde & their defence
Against al hazard death mischefe and wrong
Till they wer saif at home & far from thence
He lighted doune nor stray'd till they had doone
But sweetlie mecklie myldlie answer'd soone.

The

O

First

THE HISTORIE

38.

First by the hand he raisd them from the ground
And then he sayde fair Ladyes leaue to mourne
A gyde a guairde a seruient haue ye found
Till yow vnto your homes may saif retorne
They thank him praise him ioyes in suche a guyde
Then tak their horse furthe on their way they ryde

39.

And whill they traueid throw the Forrest wyld
The Prince inquir'd how this mischance befell
When one of them bothe courtes graue & myld
With smyl'ing countenance began to tell
Fair sire (quod she) first kno then what we be
Whom your great might & valour has made free

40.

This Lady pointing to the Dame whom he
First lowd from bands (but ty'd in bands of loue)
Vodina heght sole *Heyre* of hungarie
Her Parents ioy delight and pleasure proue
And thus your force th' *Vngarian* hope defend
On her we wait we serue and we attend.

41.

Into this wood oft tym's she muche delights
To chace the loftie harte and simple hynde
On her awaits Lords Princes Erl's and Knights
That loud her prais'd her serud her to her mynd
Amongst the rest that with the Princes came
Prince *Dorio* was a Prince of noble fame.

Retuixt

OF PENARDO and LASSA.

42.

Retuixt tuo famous floods he holds the lands
Dravus the one *Saxas* the uther heght
And *Belgrad* that on fair *Danubius* stand's
That mightie toun belongs to him of right
This galant Prince shoud wed *Vodina* fair
And regne with her as sole & only heyre.

43.

This mightie Gyant whom yow haplie flew
The mightie *Argolantes* heght to name
Ore *Misia* he regn'd which they may rew
He when he hard of fair *Vodinas* fame
Send to the King & prouddie him command's
To geue his only daughter in his hands.

44.

Whom after he had seene perhaps he wold
In mariage tak to be his laughfull wyfe
The King disdaind his pryde & sute so bold.
And him refus'd the which began this stryfe
The Gyant swor in pyd disdaine & skorne
Her wold he haue altho the King had sworne.

45.

Thus with ten Knights he in this kingdome came
And skorn'd with mo this kingdome to subdue
Who thought him self sufficient for the same
Such was his hope his pryde his valour trew
And knowing by his spyalls eury day
Of this our pastyme hunting sport and play.

O ij

On

THE HISTORIE

46.

On vs he come before we was awar
When heat within our tents made vs retein
Our Knights still wandred throw the forrest farr
Sum heir sum their to bring vs in the Deir
Except sum on the Princes that attend's
Whom in short space he brought vnto their ends.

47.

Then vs poore soules he took vnto his pray
We that could mak no more defence but murn'd
Vs with his Knights before he send away
Whil with our Knights he faught that hade return'd
But much it feirs me al our Knights ar flaine
Heaun's grant that sweet Prince *Dorio* yet remaine.

48.

And this is al fair Syre that I can shoe
Which but your ayde hade beene more tragicall
And if so pleas yow would the Princes kno
To whome her thanks should randred be for all
Since to your aid your valour strength and might
Our lyfes our selfs and al belongs of right.

49.

Long mus'd the Prince and answer long delay'de
For oath he was his name should their be known'e
At last their Princes fair *Voduna* say'de
Whom al this tyme sadd silence hade o're blowne
On her new loue her fanfies new she fed
New thoughts new toyes deuyses new that bred,

OF PENARDO and LAISSA.

50.

If I presume or should this muche be hold
With Maydens modestie for to dispence
Eu'ne to your courtasie of whome I hold
My lyfe I wil bequeath my roode offence
Whoes woundrous woorth stil *Midas* lyk is such
Pure gold to mak of drosse if yow bot touch.

51.

Then this my fault this boldnes then forbeir
Tho for not els yet since I am a Mayde
For thy blis'd name blisd natione to enquire
And that thryce happie soyle wheir yow west bred
Resolue me this which to thy woorth adds more
More to my bands more to thy fame thy gloire.

52.

Not so Madame quod he theirs not in me
That merits from your lips to haue a sound
Much les a praise yet if their onie be
Yow ar the source the roote the spring the ground
From whence that vertue spring bud bear or grow
Such force haue words if from your lips they flow.

53.

As for my name my natione soyle or bloode
In *Thebalye* neir *Tempe's* flowing fontanes
Vpone the banks of fair *Peneas* floode
Their was I borne betuixt to famous montanes
That *Ossa* and *Olympus* heght and so
From then *Pelympus* I, no more, I kne

Ouy

Thes

Thus whill he spak attentue was the Mayde
To his sweet braith and his sweet voices sound
That perisd her breast her haire and all affray'de
Each word a dairt each dairt a crewell wound
Each wound by force a deidlie poyssone framme
A feiknes a diseas a quen' shles flamme.

And whill she thus to him heir speak delights
Amid the bushes thik they heir a noyce
Of horses trampling and of armed Knights
Whil trembling fear bereft the Ladyes ioyes
But lo the Prince his sword and sheild prouyds
And suddanelie wher was, the sound he ryds.

Wher as he seis thrie Knights in armour brigh
And in his wraith inquyres what they wold haue
From the those ladyes layd the formeit knight
First sayd the Prince you their goodwill must craue
Yes Yes sayd he but for thy fault thy wrong,
Death thou deserues death you shall haue or long.

Who death so frie geues & no thing wins
Perhaps mey serue him self before another
For charite ay at it self begins
This said the Prenc no aniwser made the other
But each began to thunder on the bloes
Valour alyk lyk strength lyk courage shoes.

Yet that which harm'd the Prince *Pinardo* most
The vther tuo did also him assaill
But he whoes neuer-deing valour lost
No tyme, his deidlie blowes began to daill
Downe to the breist the one he cleift in tuo
And heidles left the vther at a bloe,

His first *Apailier* feirflie forward ryde
Tuo mightie bloes he gaue him for his due
One cleift his sheild the vther pears'd his syde
And at the thrid his sword in peeces flew
Whome at on bloe the Prince hade brought to death
But saw him with out a sword and calm'd his wraith.

But hee that wants a sword did nimble prease
To greip the Prince and bring him from his horse
Which he refuses not bot with a treace
Him in his mightie armes he strains by force
He beirs him to *Vodina* him presented
Who all this tyme the battel soir lamented.

Yet knew she not those other Knights at all
Loue had her eyes so fix't vpon the Prince
The other Dams fled fear'd & fanting fall
But loue stout hardy bold was her defence
And when the Prince presents to her the Knight
Ah stay quod she thy hand wraith ire and might.

THE HISTORIE

62.

He is my freind and come to find me out
And to releue me from the Gyants thrall
Prince *Doreo* he heght strong hardie stout
Then my offence my wronge my fault & all
Quod he deserueth death ah haist I blame
Haist cause of murning death repentance shame.

63.

Prince *Doreo* stil amaizd dum sensles stode
Loue and regaird stroaue with disgrace wraith shame
Wraith bad reuenge reuenge the others bloode
Shame bad reuenge disgrace, loue sayd the same
Dismay'd, amaiz'd, he staid & gaiz'd about
At last *Vodina* thus recald him out.

64.

Amaizment *Dorio* leane and leane to dreame
Thank now this Knight whoes valour courage streathe
Preferu'd my lyfe my honor and my fame
The Gyaunt and his knights chastiz'd at length
Whome to disgrace to death to shame he send
Thus he began what non but he could end.

65.

Loue jealousie disdain hade kendl'd fyre
Of wraith to heir his Mistres praise his foe
Yet cunninglie he smuddern in his ire
Till tyme place fate and fortune fauor sho
Then quicklie turning to the victor Knight
Thus sayde he fyre I shame not by thy might.

OF RENARDO and LAISSA.

66.

To peore cum, since fates hes the ordaind
Most happie and most fortunat of all
Nather do I accout my valour staid
Since *Fortune* the her Champione does call
Thryce happie thow and famous thryce for why
Thow art *Vodinas* freend hir Seruand I.

67.

Be these his laittest words the Prince wecll knew
Loue was the only passione of his mynd
Wheirat within him self he smyld yit shew
Great coutesie for these his prayses kynd
Nor did he loue nor feard he Riuals spoyle
Such proud ambitione in his breist did boyle.

68.

Then fordward on their way they still proceed
Till they orecrack the Ladyes that wer fled
Whom heir and their in busshes hid for dreid
They find half dead with fear and terror led
Yet all with fair *Vodina* ford wart pas
To *Buda* wheir the King her father was.

69.

At last *Apollo* in the west descendit
And chang'd heauns goldin smyls to azure hew
When as their iorney with his course was endit
Budas heighe tours they look they sie they vew
Whoes gliftring splendor fyrie lightnings throwes
Throughe glomie heauns so shynning *Cynthia* shoos
Thus

To

Thus neir to fair *Danubius* they drew
Meane while swift fame hade tydings borne of all
How that strainge Knight feare *Argalantes* flew
And sau'd *Vodinus* shame disgrace and fall
Then from his kingle throne her father raise
And come to geue him honor thanks and praise.

71.

They pass that famous flood whoes syluer streame
Disioyns tuo cities staitlie riche and faire
Buda the one *Pesth* is the others name
That on his banks heaune-threatening tops vprair
Lift vp from earth as if in skyes they stood
To vew their glancing beauties in the flood.

72.

Arry'd wheir as the King did them abyde
Vodina kneild before her royall Syre
And told him that braue Knight kneild by her syde
That sau'd her lyf his honour croune empyre
Them listid vp betuixt his armes the Roy
Both them he kist and both embracd for ioy.

73.

H'is led betuixt *Vodina* and the King
Vnto their court proud staitlie riche and faire
Still praises new, new thanks new honors bring
Due for his woorthe and happie fortunes rair
And eurye day wer new triumphs deuysd
That him to pleasur ioy delight entysd.

Caput



Caput. XVI.

Argument.

VOdina shooes her loue but He
Fayning base birth refuse
She kills her self and *Doria* him
As Murderer accuse
From prisone long hes brought at last
To burne, But heauns Reuenger
A stranger sends that him redeems
And he Redeems the Straunger.

I.

WHill Prince *Penardo* heir vnknowne abyds
Vnder the title of *Pelympus* still
Inconstant fortune all her fauor hyds
And turns her smylls to frowns her good to ill
O wordlie pomp: O glorie vane: O fame
A waistinglampe A shaddow and A dreame.

2.

Long stayt he heir lou'd praist admeird of all
Of *Doria* disdaind invy'd and feard
But poore *Vodinas* feidle was made thrall
By Tyane loue, loue sow'd loue reapt loue ear'd
All place to her was loathsum day and night
Except the braue *Lolympus* wer in sight.

And

THE HISTORIE

3.

And whil she wakes his sight her loue augment
But oft in sleip sad visions frights her mynd
In sleep he sad and frowning him presents
Vnthankfull coy disdainfull prowde vnkynd
And death in thousand formes he shewes in hate
The presage true of her ensueing fate.

4.

When she awaks she calls him too vnkynd
Tears droune her eyes, and sighes o'reflowe her hair
Yet oft she wisht that he had knowne her mynd,
Loue bids her use some meins loue to impair:
But shame forbids her modesty to pas
'Tis Loue and shame a crewell warre their was.

5.

Shame sayes a simple Virgine and a Mayde
Should chaste, se loue and modestlye desire
And of audacious words should be as frayde
From loue propon'd should shune & thence retire
For Mayds that heire & forts that partly lowd
Mak both the louer & the foe grow prow'd.

6.

Much more if thou propone will he disdain
Thy wanton formes and thy immodest loue
The glorious name of Virgins shall thou stain
And Maydin hooe a heauie load shall proue
Loue by refusall lyes but profert dyes
A woman conquers loue when loue she flies

But

OF PENARDO and LAISSA

7.

But Loue beguyl'd bothe Modestie and shame
And thus he sayd, *A woman thou must be*
O sith thou nor what stains a womans Name
No thing so much as Haite and Cruelty
Nature hath fram'd a womans haire to yeeld
And Courtisie and loue to win the feild,

8.

Sure he wold speek if he wer once assurde
Of such a Princes fauor as thine owne
His birthe too base thy matche to haue procurde
Or els long since his fansie had yow knowne
Tho base of birthe he beirs a Monarchs mynd
Then do but speek or look and He'll be kynd.

9.

What if some new occasione call him hence?
Then shall some other Princes win his haire
May thou not once with modestie dispence
Befor thy loue and lyfe be death should smaire
If health loue ease & pleasur stayeth still
Vpone a word they'r fools that wants their will.

10.

What also if thy father the constrain
Prince Dorco to wed aginst thy will
For with a nother doth thy Haire remane
Altho before thou gaue consent theirtill
Pelympus o Pelympus onlie He
Ths sight of Dorco wer but death to ye,

Haire

THE HISTORIE

11.

Hast then to tell Pelympus that thou lovest
Els he goes hence and Doreo shall the wed
But o what if the Knight disdainfull proues
O he wil not disdaine a Princes bed
Altho thy beautie could not moue his mynd
Yet will the crowne of Hungare mak him kynd.

12.

Thus on new Hope begyld with loue she fed
Resolueing once for to vsfold her mynd
Thus argued she thus thought she in her bed
Whill Cynthia pale wan and dimlie shynd
At last heauns gett aboue the easterne streams
Oppins and day shoot s furth his syluer beams.

13.

With heauns bright syluer hew the Dame op rose
When Phæbus beams did guild heaune carth and sea
She in a gardine did herself repose
Alone saue loue that boire her companie
She thence her dames and Ladies all hade sent
Till on loues altar she pour'd furth her plaint.

14.

Then to ane quyet arbor she retein'd
Wher long she murn'd she sighd she plain'd she prayde
She honord loue, loue prais'd and loue admird,
For wher abyds true loue but in a mayde:
Of she complaind that loue hade done her wrong
At last she took her Lute and thus she song.

The

OF PENARDO and LAISSA.

15.

The senses fraik benowd with Winters cold
With storme with frost with haill with snow with raine
If her for pitie one inbreist should hold
Till cherisht lyfe with heat retorne againe
Then strength and lyfe and Nature maks her bold
To reauue the lyfe that did her lyfe obtaine
Of loue this is the true similitude
O loue the partrat of ingratitude.

16.

When thou was dead in winters of disdaine
And perisht quyt in dark obliuions flood
I cherist the with trauell car and paine,
And thy sad death my fyrie smylls with stooode
But when my breist by heat did lyfe obtaine
Thow stingd my hairt and made my bosome bleid
Ah loue how can a simple mayde offend
That this her loue should bring her lyfe to end.

17.

Loue brings despair despair brings death & hell
Some say that musick oft proud loue with stooode
But o how can thy hairt in pleasure seall
When as thy verie soule is dround in blood
Tet pray perhaps thy pray'r mey loue compell
But meditatione is of pray're the foode
And crewell loue by meditation lues
Then eny thing Pelympus deir reuiues

18.

Thus whill she playes thus whill she sweetly sings
Throw emptie aer the Queir of burds dounc flyc
And spred a round their soft and dainty wings
To shrow'd her whill she strains her nots on hie
And when they heir her voyce her sound her noyes
Lyik hands they clap their wings in signe of ioyes.

When

THE HISTORIE

19

When she hade doone about her heir and theis
Some saye her song and strain her tender throts
Some laurell leas and myrtles sweet prepair
In their sharpe beiks and then with merrie nots
Vpon her head they lett the leas down fall
And seem to croun the *Virgine* their with all.

20.

Others wold sitt and from their throats forth send
A wofull sund that seemd to moue the skyes
To pitie her sad death and wofull end
Whil as the birds would straine such doolfull cryes
As who would say ah loue ah beautie murne
For her vhoes death your day to night does turne.

21.

But all this tyme she mus'd vpon her loue
Her loue her ioy her pleasure her delight
Pelympus braue whoes deids did matchles proue
Non liue'd lyke him in valour strength and might
Who walkt abroad that day to tak the air
Whill fate heaune chace & fortune brought him there

22.

She seis him come throw bushes leaues and wands
Then lyk a mabre image vp she stooode
The Lute falls doune betuixt her snow white hands
And her fair eyes pow'r furth a syluer floode
Lyk deaw on roses whyt and reid that falls
Or syluer globs or pearle or cristall ballis.

To

OF PENARDO and LAISSA.

23.

To wake her frome this dumpe he taks her hand
And whill he touch'd she trembled quakd & shook
Now reid for shame then pale for fear she fand
How her fant hart his wounted rume forsooke
And vpwart fled frome paine wo greif despight
True signes of suddane loue or sad afright.

24.

At last the Prince her silence thus remoues
Some saye that musick does the maynd delight
But lo Madame in yow the contrare proues
Quod she in hell death horroure and despight
Who liues melodious sounds ar harmefull still
And still augments but ne're remeids their ill.

25.

To the perhaps my words may seame vn faitt
For basheful Mayd's or simple Virgins pure
And not agreing with my heighe estait
To sue for grace whene I should leue secure
But o quod she if I indecent proue
Not I but shameles tyraneizing loue.

26.

The ravening wolf, the simple lamb did catche,
Whom on he thought to fill, to feid, to prey,
When lo the prince the lyone did him watche,
First him he slew, then brought the lamb away,
Tho once from death he did the lamb releafe,
Afar more crewel death he did it geue,

R

This

THE HISTORIE

27.

This wolf was *Argalantes*, I the lambe,
And thow the princlic lyone made me fre
When lo thync eyes more crewell bands' did framme
And band and chain'd and link't my hait to the,
Ah deir *Pelympus*, deir, too deir, it feares me,
Loue shame, fear, hait, in thousand peices tears me,

28.

Thow stole my hait out throw my besome poure,
But, o, sweet steth, swit theef, I pardone the,
Myne eyes thow took and did their ayde procure
And thus I help't to steill my self to the
Deip sob's and tears, heir stayd hir wofull speche
And with dumbe signes his pitie did beseeche,

29.

But all this tyme the Prince look't doune to ground
Rueth, reasone, pitie, wo, amazement bred
Yet in his besome loue no place hade founde
But myldest phie hade so far him led,
That hardlie he from yeilding was refraind
Yet thus he answers, and from loue restraind,

30.

Madame (quod he) your luckles loue I reu
And would it mend if with my life it stood
Too base my birthe fair Princes is for yow
My woorth too small to equaleize your blood
I will not hait and yet I most not loue
Mars doth my hert from *Cupid* far remoue.

Then

OF PINARDO and LAISSA.

31.

Then dryue those fonde affections frome your mynd
Let your wyse hait calme loue & leue secure
Loue is, a, monster, furius fere and blynd
And I'm an errant Knight base woorthles poore
Ple serue yow still if yow but loue forbeir
In ioy in greif in confort hope in feir.

32.

Forbeir quod she and must I then forbeir?
O? mad misluck O? loue O? chance O? Fate!
O, loue, O, torment great? O, greif? o fear!
O? plague of plagues! O, desperat deceit!
O sting, O deadlie Poyssone of the hait
O hell of mightie mynds o death O smairt?

33.

Forbeir so loue O, word of sad disgrace
The task begun by loue must loue not end?
Natur had fram'd the fair and sweet alace
But the a crewell Tygers mynd did send
O crewell nature man, O man to crewell
To soule a blot to staine so fair a Jewell,

34.

And loue forbeir alace that word forbeir
O sad deerte O sentence of my death
O torment of my soule, from verteous spheir
Could suche disdane and loathsum hait tak breth
Thou loves to lue in scorn of loue and me
I lue to loue, and looth'd, for loue must die.

Pij

And

THE HISTORIE

35.

And now alace the houre approached nye
When her sweet lyfe that sweet sweet hold must leaue
She drawes a knyfe which hange low be her thie
And tuix her breist's a flood-gat v p she reauc
 Wher pitie loue and beaunie long with stooode
 The fatall knyfe the lyfe the vitall bloode.

36.

From him she turn'd her face & did this fact
Then turns and say's without a shrink or pai ne
Receane this solemne sacrafize I mak
Vpone the altare of thy heighe disdain
 Deir sweet receane my haire my lyfe my loue
 My Virgine soule, Fairweell I must remoue.

37.

And now the starre light of her eyes grew dimme
Her fair sweet face vpon her shoulder fell
In her pail looks sad pitie lookt on him
Her trembling kneis grew weak & down she fell
 Lyik ane fair floure pure beautifull and young
 By frost new flaine youth had but newly sprung

38.

Eune as discoloured opell's change and turne
The whyte now wan now pale heir reid their blew
Her louelye whyte grew pale and seem'd to murne
The reid in spot's did change to azure hew
 The Sune grew dimme and smylling heau'ns did lout
 The cloud's did murne & floods of tears down powre.
The

OF PENARDO and LAISSA.

39.

The Prince that saw both lyfe and soule was gone
His mightie mynd began for to relent
His syght his speeche his sense him left a none
Woe sorow cair greif sadness discontent
 His lyfe and breath clos'd in his haire withall
 Pale cold and dead he on her breist did fall.

40.

Thow lyes *Penardo* dead vpoune the ground
Whom myghtie armies could not ouerthrow
Nor losse of blood nor many greuous wound
Could mak the shrink or flie or yeeld or bow
 Altho she dyed for loue and for thy haire
 Yet should thow not be blam'd bot crewell fate.

41.

But *Fortune* wold extinguish & put out
His shynning lampe of conquest prais and fame
For *Doreo* that long had sought them out
With ielousie and loue despight and shame
 Was thither led whene he this fight did vew
 Bothe ioy and greif dispair and haire ensue.

42.

Ioyfull he was to sie *Pelympus* dead
But deadlie wofull for his mistres deir
Tuix contrar passionnes finds he no remead
At last reuenge on his dead corpes he sweir
 That wher before he was renound & praisde
 His infamic to heaune should now be rais'd.

P-j

The

The fatall knyfe which in her brest he spyed
He pulls away and putt's into the place
The Princes dagger, then alowd he cryede
Ah treassone treffon ah wo wo alace
Whoes dieidfull noyes throw all the palace ring's
And thither Lords Knights Erles & Barones brings.

44.

When they had hard & seie this wofull sight
Their come the King the Queene the Ladyes all
Great was their cair their angwish their despyght
They weep they murne they sigh they cry they cal
That roks wodes montanes sound furth sad dispair
Whoes Echoes fill the earthe and emptie aer.

45.

Yet some more ware and wyse perseuuit the Prince
Not dead but faine a sounc the whiche thy tell
In chains in cord's in gyues they brought him thence
Vnto a dungeone deep and dark lyk Hell
When he receiue d and fand him self in chains
He woundred muche at last he thus complains.

Penardo his complaint.

*What? do I live quod He
And sheek and sie to breath?
Whoes damned soule the heau'n's abhors
And skornes to gene me deasb
And of that guerdone due
For swa they me depryue*

*Till I should daylie leue and die
Ten thousand deaths a lyue
Come death teir furth my hairt
My too too crewell hairt
That of my loue more then deseru'd
Did skorne she should haue paire
But death sence thou art vsde
Poore virgins lyfes to tak
Thow pitie's so to ease my paine
Since hell akhors my faet
Thow fearfull monstres all
Thow seends yow furies self
Thow Centaurs Harpy's Hydra's foult
Thow Gorgons grim of Hell
Come Plutos damned Ghosts
Come all since death delays
With legiouns of your greislie troups
I lefght and end my dayes
But o yow fear to veiu
worse then your selfs can be
Mo torments in my soule abyde
Then yow in Heil can see
Fa ine would I stie my self
Becaus my self I fear
For still my self within my self
A thousand Hells doth beir
But when o wheir is she
Wheir is that Angell fair
With whom abed al grace al good
Al loue al beauty rair
Ah thryce unhappie Me
Ah my disdane had pow're
To reauet the Heau'n's thair Darling deir*

Till

P III

And

And eart he her fairest flour
My haples flouth before
Bereft a Virgins breath
And now disdane my mad disdane
Ane other brought to death
Why stayt I not alace
With fair Philena still
She would haue geuen me due reward
And hade preueind this ill
O fantasyes! O dreams!
O foolish vifiones! O
Why gaue I credit vnto yow
That twyce hes wrought my woe?
But wofull monstre I
Of luckles lone alace
That still must leine in endles paine
Least deash my sorowes chace

46.

Thus in this agoneizing greif he lay
Long in this doungeone filthie deep and darke
Fast bound in chains nor saw he light of day
And still bewaild his lyfe his chance his wrak
And this his murning wo greif sorow care
Turn'd vnto madnes oft and oft dispair.

Bot

47.

But all this tyme great wo great paine great greife
Prince Doreo took for his deir Ladies death
And still his mynd was bent on heighe mischeefe
He sought reuenge with furie raige and wraith
For in his craft his malice his despight
This vitious wrong he wrought that valiant Knight,

48.

Whill to this gardyne I did walk (he sayd)
I hard a found a voyce a call a cry
Ah Heauns preserue me let me die a Mayde
Thither I ranne but when I come hard by
The Murderer me saw and faind he fainted
And fell as lyfe breath sense and soule he wanted,

49.

I litle caird his feir his fate his fall
But to the Ladie rann whom soone I knew
I cryd and in my wofull airmes withall
I took her vp but gone was her fair hew
I cald her once once lookt she in my face
Once spak this word ah wofull word ALACE,

50.

Into her fair and yuorie breift abaid
The instrument of that scarce tyranes wraith
I puld it furthe and their with all she said
Thow come to last for to prevent my death
Her hand I gotte fairweell she wold haue sayde
Wheirof but (fair) her laister breath furth-layde,

Thos

THE HISTORIE

§1.

These speeches spak Prince Doreo and with all
So wo begone and sorowfull he sem'd
Oft stopd by sighes and oft would tears down fall
That eury one him prais'd and much esteem'd
And then the King in wraith reuenge and ire
Commands *Pelympus* should be brint in fyre.

§2.

The night before this wofull Prince should dye
For her he murnes on her he calls he cryes
So does the lap-wing when some Sheipbird by
Her brood bereaues all day all night she flies
And weips and calls Yet sleips or night be past
So weeps the Prince and so he sleeps at last.

§3.

And in his sleep the Angell did appeir
That wairn'd him from *Philena* for to fle
And lookt on him with feace and angrie cheir
Saying *Penardo* O *Penardo* fle
Ioues wraith prononced if thou not soone repent
Thy wicked thoughts thy words and thy complain.

§4.

Thow dost refuse his help his grace his ayde
Thow still rebels gainst mightie *Ioues* decree
Thy greif at Hells wyde mouth thy Soule has layde
O wrarche O man from sinne refraine or die
O sie behold thy plaints and *Ioues* heighe wraith
Leids the to paine to hell to endles death,

Thy

OF PENARDO and LAISSA

§5.

Thy visiones come from heauns and not from hell
Why temps thou then heighe heaune with plaints and
He hes decreit what e're to the besell (tears)
Do then what he ordains leaue greifs and fears
Eune of thy good he maks thy self the meins
But thow his goodnes grace & loue preueins.

§6.

Yodinas blood on her owne head shall fall
A iust rewarde for her vniust desyre
For her owne sinne and her fore fathers all
That race in her must end their proud empyre
Nor in thy loue no intrest hade ye Dame
Ane other of more woorth shall win the same

§7.

Who shall preserue thy lyfe ere it be long
Flee not heauns ioy heauns peace but heaune obey
This sayd his face lyk lighteing beam's out shong
That filld the house with glorijs glistring ray
Which doone the Angell thence him self conuoyed
And left him filld with comforts hops and ioyes.

§8.

Then ioyfull he awaks and watis the houre
Of lyfe or death as mightie *Ioue* thought meit
No plaints but prayers did the Prince furthe powre
Vpon the altar of repentance sweite
And still he sighd he murn'd he plaind he prayde
To God for grace for help releefe and ayde.

Now

Now come the tyme wheirin this crewell King
Would execute his vengeance on the Knight
Furth to be brint with fyre they did him bring
When lo a wearyour bold approcht their sight
In airmour cled it seem'd dreid warre he brought
He finds the King whom throw the thronge he fought

60.

And sayde Sir King perhaps my comeing may
Dismay you much yet isle the tructh vnfold
And what my giltie conscience bids me say
That none you wrong as now it seems you wold
I beir the hand that wrought your Daughters fate
Tone Knight to saue her came, but came too late.

61.

Fearce Argalantes was my vncle deir
Whoes blood for to reuenge, I thither came
Long waited I into this forrest neir
That yoynes vnto your Park your Gardines framme
And disperat my wisht reuenge to work
At last into that gardine did I lurk,

62.

When bright Apollo gilded had the sky
Vodina by misfortune come within
The arbor wheir I secreitlie did ly
And would haue fled agane but could not win
I took her wold haue forced her gainst her will
But she deny't whom I in raige did kill.

He

Her laittest grones yone Knight whom kill you wold
Had harde and come to sie I fled be twein
The Parks and Gardenes to the forrest old
The way I come vnhard vnmarkd vnseene
Euer since within the forrest did I stray
Nor out from thence could euer find the way.

64.

And still her gost vnto me does repair
And still presents Hells torments to my mynd
And still the greislie feinds throw trubled aer
Sound: furthe the pains my wofull soule should fynd
In thousand formes her murdered ghoste before me
Appears; & hell still gaipes for to deuore Me.

65.

This day agane she did her self present
Commanding me to the the tructh to sho
Ane other giltles lyfe for to prevent
Els I tormented should in endles woe
This is the caus that I my death desyr
Then set him frie & leid me to the fyre.

66.

All that this warryour hard wer much amaizd
And look't and mus'de & gaizd and silent stooode
Thought pitie in the King was neuer rais'd
Yet sham'd he was to wrongd a Knight so goode
And cauld to lowse vnbind and set him frie
And armour horse and all restoird to be.

How

THE HISTORIE

67.

How soone his horse and armour he receau'd
They charg'd him to depaire the court and flie
But nobly for to dye was all he crau'd
For to reuenge his wrong his infamie
Yet knew not who with death his lyfe wold by
But also sweir him to releue or dy,

68.

Whom they had tyed with cords & with a chaine
Had bound him to a staik his armour on
So he de'rt and so he did obtaine
In armour thus to burne and burne a lone
O kyndnes true that feare of death remoue
O praise O vertue great o wondrous loue.

69.

To see that sight amaiz'd *Penardo* stoo'd
His breist begane to swell with raige wraith ire
Ritie drew from his eyes of tears a floode
Wraith pitie helpt, pitie blew angers fyre
And thus his wraith his pitie ire and wo
Brought Suddane warre and suddane conquest lo,

70.

Heir loue heir proud ambitioune man'd the feild
And still contend's who most gouerns the mynde
Loue caus'd the stranger to the fyre to yeeld
Eune loue of Prince *Penardo* most vnkynd
Who rewld by proud ambitione skorn'd to be
Ore match'd in ought and cheiflie courtelye.

He

OF PENARDO and LAISSA

71.

He feghts alone amongst a thousand foes
And all of them desyes and onerthrew
All whom he fand, to ground with mightie blocs
And still his wraith still his reuenge renew
Nor gaue them leaue to pray to plaine to call
Suche haist he made to kill to murder all,

72.

Some at his dreidfull angrie look aff ay'd
Fled heir and their and some in heaps doune feli
Those that withstoo'de flaine on the earth wer layde
And those who leauing could not him repell
With their dead bodies rais'd a wall a none
And thus gainstoo'de when other means wer gone,

73.

But he but ledder skalled or engyne
March'd prouddie o're those walls and fortres strong
And wold display his sheild for ansigne fyne
And tosse his flamming sword his focs among
Till he vnto that dreedfull fyre was come
Some fear'd some fell all fled to giue him rourne,

74.

That amorous Knight that to the staik was tyed
Beholding his strainge deads and wonders strainge
Brek all his bands and through the fyre he hyed
Whoes threatning sword did thrust for dreid reuenge
Not that he cair'd his lyfe or feard ye fyre
But for to ayde or dye was his desyre.

By

THE HISTORYE

75.

Be this the King Prince *Doreo* hade sent
With him his garde for to chasteize their pryde
Him self reter'd that mischeef to preuent
He feard some secreitt treasons their t'abyde
This armed band and *Doreo* now assaile
These warryours stout but nothing yet preuaile.

76.

More deadlie then more crewell grew the fray
The Prince and his Companions bak to bak
Such valoure shew such woundes wrought that day
And with such courage did such hauok mak
As *Eggles Hawks* or rauening *Wolfs* that rear
The simple sheep or sillie fowles that fear.

77.

Those warryours tuo stout hardy fearce and bold
Wold thus aswage their hunger quensh their thirst
With bodies dead in gorie blood inrold
Great was the valour of the stranger first
That sharpe reuenge and vengeance sharp ordaine
Ilk blow a wound catch wound death vo and paine.

78.

Those Champions discouered wer againe
Eache one with warrelyk troups besett a round
And stroue to tak them both but all in vaine
They beat them back and kill & fell to ground (enter
Whose arme straitcht furthe to tak them first wold
He seis cutt of & darrs no further venter.

Penardo

OF *PENARDO* and *LAISSA*.

81.

Penardo still those forces new assaile
Whom he with strenth and might still overthrew
And lykwayes still the stranger Knight preuaile
But *Doreo* the Prince his strenth weel knew
And therefore to the stranger Knight he hailed
On him both ire and honor to haue failed.

82.

That galant stranger matchles for his woorth
Met him amid the reid blood flowing plaine
And raige bloode warre & murther breathed furthe
Eache other stronglie hits & hits agane
At last the stranger's arme aloft he bore
And *Doreo's* heid he brak he clift he tore.

83.

Dreid horroure fear and terrour of the sight
Made all to feir to tremble & to quak
Conquest once smeld by that braue stranger Knight
The Squadrones ranks & bands he roodly brak
Wholl trops to earth he brings he beats he beirs
So winds brinks doune the corne & rypned eer's.

84.

As chyldren mak in pastym sport and play
Ane spail to wast to role to tosse to flie
About their heid quick speedie nimble lay
That of one thundring spail it seemeth thrie
So seemd the straungers sword whoes deids thy thought
Strainge wonderfull incredible wer wrought

Q

This

THE HISTORY

85.

This ramping youne sought *Penardo* out
And fand him in the mids of all his foes
Whom strong & valiant hardie bold & stous
The heaps of murthered bodies did inclose
So irk't he was and wearie their with all
Tho still he faught yet reddie stil to fall,

86.

Their *Deaths* sad court deaths palace their abode
Their trophies wer ere&d vnto his name
Their lukewarme blood did smook and flow abroad
The stranger stood amazed to sic the same
And foflie sayd O valours onlie stor
Whence comes his wealth of conquest fame & gloir.

87.

Now *Phæbus* from his glorious carre doune lyes
In *Neptuns* azure palace whill sad nyght
Arose maskd vp and cled in dreidfull gyis
With fearfull shad's of darknes and affright
The worthie stranger to *Penardo* haisted
And delt so many deaths till *Death* was waisted.

88.

But lo the tumulte munting in the are
wold pers, ye clouds with plents and vofull sounds
Men women bairnes with furie raige di'pair
Reuenge and vengeans call's till heaune resounds
Now wes their daunger greater then before
Thousands by heaps almost to earth them bore.

Yet

OF *PENARDO* and *LAISSA*.

89.

Yet heaun's decried their faverie thus in heir
Blak night o're all the earthe spred furth her vaine
And suche a fearfull darknes did appeir
It seem'd their was no darknes left in hell
With hands they grap't they wander & they stray
So does the blind alone that los't the way,

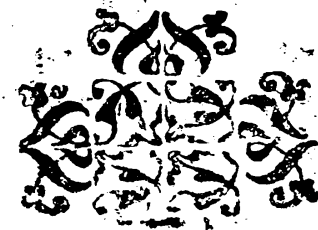
90.

And thus confus'd now heir now their they rine
Penardos freind thus to him said but dreid
Sheath now thy sword leaue heir thy shield & win
Out throw this lawles multitude with speid
Kle gude the to the forrest heir but stay
Why then I go quod he show yow the way

91.

Thus throw the throng vnscene vnmark't vnkowne
They marche alone but feir but cair but dreid
Nor was their feirles flight to anie shouen
But saistie to the forrest come with speid
Wheir in a groue hard by a fontane syde
They rest whill light for saifer flight prouyde.

Qij





Caput. XVII.

Argument.

*The stranger Prince Penardo knows
Of whom he does reioy's
Who tellis him many woundrous thing's
At last they heere a noyes
The Queene of Macedon they see
Led by them as they thought
Fals Arebo beguyls the Prince
Whome long the stranger sought.*

I.

*When Budans could not thus attaine reuenge
Of that disgrace & shame was to them wrought
With noyes confus'd sad shour's and murmur strainge
The slaine & mured bodies home they brought
And to this day Penardo's thought so wyld
That with yat name they still yair weeping chyld.*

2.

*Whill they in wofull murning pas the night
Penardo in the forrest did remaine
With his true freind his vnaquainted Knight
That for him tooke more then a freindlie paine
No wounds they hade but wearyed whill they lay
Hard by the sounding streame & longd for day.*

The

OF PENARDO and LAISSA.

3.

*The Prince sayd thus synce heaun's ar pleas'd with this
That I must liue who lookt for nought but death
Most woorthie Knight think not I doe amise
To kno of whoes braue mynd I hold my breath
And vnto whome my indeuores and al
My lyfe my thought my seruice should bethrall.*

4.

*Or if the heaun's hath sent yow to my aide
Since none but heauns my innocence heth knowne
Vodinas death was falslie on me layde
Which Ioue this day has of his mercie showne
Nor my request becaus too lair yow shune it
Long since if tyme hade seru'd wold I haue doone it.*

5.

*Then quod the other, Prince Penardo kno
I am that mayde whome thouw redeem'd from death
From prine from hell from everlasting wo
From Mansays mightie charms his craft his wraith
Eu'ne I that same Laissa whome throw fred
First from the flamme last from the slepping bed.*

6.

*Her words at once bred wonder and delight
Yet in his hait ther could no credit fynde
Till of she tooke her eask of sylver whyte
Then bleiz'd her eyes her, looks lyik lightning shyn'd
Her shining haire about her face doune flies (cies)
Through which bright vale lyke starres appeare her*

Quij

As

As when the Sunne throw yelow glasse doeth shyne
 On alabaſtre tombes pure cleir and whyt
 With ſmall and prettie goldin ſtreams deuyne
 Seem's trembling on the ſtone to tak delyte
 Of that whyt object deckt with criſtall rocks
 On her fair face ſo ſhynd her goldin lock's

8.

Altho the nyght was dark he might behold
 Her eyes lyk glanceing comets blaizing farre
 Or dyamonds in whyt enameld gold
Penardo thow whoes hait from dreidfull warre
 Could not be thrald to womanizing loue
 How thanks thow now this paſſion for to proue

9.

Wheiron now thinks thow wheiron does thow gaize
 The ſame is ſhe whoes louelic ſelf thow ſaw
 Within the ſleipping tounge and could not raiſe
 Nor from enchaunted ſleep her ſenſes draw
 Whoes bright *Idea* wanders throw thy mynd
 Yet can no reſting place for loue out fynd.

10.

When thoughts affurde him ſhe the ſame muſt be
 At tymes he thanks the heaun's for her releef
 Has heaun'e fate ſo tune ſmyld agane quod he
 And ar thow now ſuffeſ'd with my miſcheefe
 Heighe *Ioue* his ſacred helpe & aide vp ſteirs
 When daunger moſt harme moſt wrack appeirs.
 And

And fair Madame quod he yours is my name
 My lyfe my ſeruice and my all is your's
 Your's be the praiſe the honor glorie fame
 Yours be my deads my acts my happie hours
 Your's is my lyfe by right me ſhall yow haue
 To be your knight your ſeruant and your ſlaue.

12.

The variant ſtuff that alter change and turne
 Wrought of diſcoloured ſilk ſoft ſubtile cleir
 Heir like whyte their crimſone reid doeth burne
 Now mingle both and now doth red appeir
 So ſhe that heirs him turn's and changes ſo
 Heir reid their whyt & then all reid doeth ſho.

13.

Sweit wer the ſounds that from his lips proceed
 Which pearſt her tender breiſt & gentle hait
 Wheiron her old-bred loue & fanſie feid
 Renewes the flamme firſt in her mynd infer
 For firſt ſhe fell in loue with him when as
 Enchaunted ſitting in the tounge ſhe was.

14.

And euer ſince in loue had ſhe remaind
 Far had ſhe gone far ſought to find him out
 Till providence of hyer pow'rs ordaind
 She ſhould of his ſad death remoue the doubt
 For *Cupid* of his deads a chaine did ſtamme
 That captiuelyd this fair & amorous damme.

Q

THE

THE HISTORIE

15.

Thus whill she gaizd long on his countenance
A modest smyle for answer he receau'd
Oft wold her eyes steil furth a secret glance
If not for shame a kisse she would haue crau'd (ling
Each pairt she vew'd she loud she prais'd with smyle
Such craft can louers vse them selfs beguyling.

16.

From secret pleasures and from hid delight
From gaizing thus at length the Prince awaks her
To pas away the long and wearie night
With courtes speiche and prayers fair he maks her
To tell her lyfe her inuiry her wrong
Her fore past labours and her trauels iong.

17.

First then she rais'd her myld and modest eyes
And cleir'd her countenance with heauinely grace
A fyrie smyle sweet plesant glade furth flies
That chac'd the clouds of cair and greifs apace
While beaurie of her forehead made a throne
And sat their to be gaiz'd and woundred on.

18.

My Lord quoth she to show my wofull lyfe
Would tedious proue and neuer haue an end
For beaueus and fortune seime to be at strife
Which should against mee most theire forces bend
Yet shall yow kno the Muses crewell haired
What befell to me since yow departed.

OF PENARDO and LAISSA

19.

My Parents freinds nor blood I do not kno
Nor of what house or lyne I am descendit
Nor of my wofull birth I can not sho
But skairsie well thrie lusters yit ar endit
Since swaddled by the Heliconian fons ane
The Muses sand me on that pleasant mont ane.

20.

They brought me vp within that holy mont
Taught me their holye reitts and sacred art
One day (a wofull day) as I was wount
When I hade chac'd the Stage ye Hynd ye Harte
In ther swit spring to bath I took delight
Which was my ground of wo greif cair despight.

21.

The Muses for that caus I do not kno
But that was all the fault they did pretend
Lest me bereft me and decreid my wo
And by their Pow're denyne did thither send
Two Knights my loue to win to sue to pray
And Riuals both each one did other stay.

22.

Then Mansay did his charmes and spirits send,
Enchaunting them and me as yow haue seene
Which by your might and valour brought to end
And yow to lett when as he saw no meine
Me in the slepping tounge he did enchaunt
That saw yow knew yow tho my speech did want.

When

[M]

THE HISTORIE

23

When from the rock you took the sword and shield
Then from my paine and prisone you redem'd me
I cry'd I cald I fought you throu the field
But Mansay that some better then esteem'd me
Appeird to me and told me you ver gone
Which made me weepe my cheekes and sigh and mone.

24.

The Wizard then from murning me refrainde
And told me you should saif retorne againe
For you paine cair and sorow was ordaind
Whair throw you must to glorie great attaine
So heauens decreit and so you must obey
Thus sayd throw shaples aer he went away.

25

His words renewd but somewhat easd my greif
Still on I went ouer craigs & montanes hoar
But hope but hap but help or but releif
The wraith of heaune ne're satisfiet the more
And to augment my cair my wo my stryfe
I liued this base this poore this seruile lyfe

26.

It was my chance when I had traueled long
In forrests wyde some shepherds for to find
Whoes lyfe content secure from fortunes wrong
Would fite my cursd and hattfull dayes to end
Whair long I serued in poore and mein degrie
Refusle no paine whill paine refusle pot me

But

OF PENARDO and LAISSAN

27.

But Fortunn still inuoying my estait
And shorning this my blist tho poore content
Disdaining so I should escape her hat
Not suffring death my shame wo greif preuens
Nor pittied she my wo my cair my greif
But pittied I should thus eshew mischeif.

28.

One day as I my shaggie flock furt h dreane
From fold to grone to medewe and to plain
Evandone Prince of Ephyre did persau
With in whoes land thoes shipherds all remain
By chance from sport he com and me esteem'd.
More beautifull then in effect I seem'd.

29.

And thit her oft in tymes he did resore
To thrall me chaste desire vnto his will
But I still cloyde with cairs and vod of sport
Denyit his sute and preis'd to shune his ill
But all in vaine my trauell was for nought
Me gainst my will vnto his court he brought.

30

Ane youth he was vnmarried I confes
And on say head wold set his diadem
But I whoes hairt ane other did posses
This spak the dame vnwarre and buffd for shame
And thus she turnd her specche, from whom all loue
My cair my greif my sorrow did remove.

When

THE HISTORIE

31.

When he perceau'd my resolutione strong
Vn mou'd nor vowes, nor prayers could preuaill
He neids would haue by force dispiight & wrong
What he could not obtain by loue's assaill
And long he mew'd me vp frome dayes sweet lyght
In prisone dark in vyes eternall night.

32.

Nor could these wrongs his crueltie suffice
Nor could he pitie pure vnhappie me
But in the sight of all the Peoples eyes
He would bereaue my spotles chastitie
Nor could words prayers sighs or tears him moue
To leaue so foull so vyl'd so filthie loue.

33.

His vitious mynd so odious had him made
That all his Lords and people him detested
Then would he haue me bound vpon a bed
When on my knees this one thing I requested
He would not suffer Rascalls bind or bow me
But his owne hands yat honor wold allow me.

34.

Where to he yeelds and I reselue to die
Then cald I thrice on sweet Penardos Name
Thus twyce vnwarre her passion furth did flie
Twyce she her loue bewrayd & twyce thought flame
O loue true loue for specks she or be mute
Her blushe looks smyls or word bewrayt her sute.

Yet

OF PENARDO and LAISSA

35.

Yet loue to hyde that had so oft burst out
Her eyes twixt wraith and shame told brint and shynd
At last this she excuse she casts about
Quod she Thyne ayde would their haue pleas'd my
I wish'd the when the Tyrane did aspyre (mynd)
To act his filthie foull and vyle desyre.

36.

His dagger then I quicklie puld a paire
And ere he could him self of me releef
I stobd his loue but with his loue his hart
Where with the people cry'd O sad mischeef
Some in a rage me furiousslie assayld
But with the greater part my part preuailld.

37.

And thus begane a fearch & crewell fight
On at her syde wer kild hurt brusd or slaine
I pitied for my caus my deid my right
They murderd thus should masacred remane
Wherefor with gentle speeche & pleasant words
I both appeas'd their wraith & sheatbd their swords.

38

When they bethought them on the Tyrans deids
His murders great when they to mynd did call
They prais'd heighe loue from whom ther help proceed
To me they gaue yair kingdome crown and all
Which long for to enioy I could not stay
Whom angrie fates and fortune cal'd away.

I vowd.

I vowd yat rest my bodie should not find
Till I my countrey freinds & parents kno
A gouernour their lest I me behind
Then forward on my iourney did I go
Long traueld I and meny dangers past
Till in this forest I arryud at last.

40.

Wheir whill I lay my weary lims to rest
Benet h the vmbrege of a spredde Bueche
A virgine Nymphish lyk attyrt and drest
Presents to me this armour with this speeche
Aryse Laissa now the tyme drawes neir
Wherein thou must a knight no mayde appeir.

41.

Mansay the send this armour sword and shield
And thair with bids the go to Buda straight
W heirby thy Fortune Heauns shall to ye yeeld
By cunning sight by force and dreidfull feght
Thou must that Knight from fire from death detain
That the releend from fyre from bloode from paine.

42.

As for thy Parents this he letts ye kno
Thou art sole Heyre vnto a mightie King
Which tyme and fate and fortune shall ye sho
And end to all thy greif ear sorow bring
But kno thy hart's delight and greatest ioy
Shall be the greatest caus of thy annoy.

This

This sayd the Nymphe throughe shaples asr does glyd
I fond my self well arm'd on euery pairt
And forduart fast my spedie steps I hy'd
Me thought some fear assaillt my pancing hairt
Some fear of fortune ill mishap mischeef
W heirat I tremblit shouk & quak for greif.

44.

Whill thus I go tuix dreid wo hope and fear
I met By happie chance a Palmer old
Who did the mater all to me dclair
And how yow slew stout Argalantes bold
And tho your name was chang'd yet weell I knew
Your deads your valour shew me it was yow

45.

Then Argalantes Nephoy fain'd I me
To mak you frie non other mein I saw
And to reuell to yow for yow I die
Then knew I weell yow all the treuth wold shaw
So should yow die I leine for to be sory
That Earths object was saist & lost her glory.

46.

By this heau's light Earths confort Darknesse foe
From our horisone Night did wairn to pas
And lyke transparent cristall gaue to sho
The hemisphere or lyk bright azure glas
Or lyk a demi-syluer-globe it lyes
Vpone the earthe earthe seem's to beir the skye

THE HISTORIE

47.

No sooner days faire coach man did appeir
When as their talk was interrupt and stayit
A noyes of horse and chariots they did heir
And suddanly they roise as half affrayit
Whill as the sound drew neir they did espy
Some threttie Knights that gallopt softlie by,

48.

And round about a coatche they seemd to ryde
That four whyt fair and galant coursers drew
In which a lady sat whors beauties pryde
Seemd to contend with bright *Apollon* hew
Yet throw her beaurie lookt furthe proud disdain
That shew her mynd displeasure did containe,

49.

Her crimsone cheek leandon her snow whyte hand
Her eyes Loues fyrie Comets seem'd With chylde
With tears which woe and anger did command.
And rained downe Tempest from her face so myld
On her fair breist lyk diamants whoes rainge
Fyr't by hir eyes in thousand colours change.

50.

Or lyke the rory dew in May that lyes
One snow white lilies and on purple roses
So stands the Nectar drops stild from her eyes
Vpon her rosie cheeks sweet beauties poses
She breath'd sweet balme whoes odore phisick proue
To purge grosse sense & sharpe dull wits for loue.

OF PENARDO and LAISSA.

51.

And warone *Cupid* dailed in her lap
Snatching the cristall balls still as they fall
And at *Penardo* throwes him to intrap
Too weell that craftie *Cupid* knew with all
How to reuenge *Penardos* former wrong
Whiche wofully he acted now ere long.

52.

O thou *Penardo* braue *Penardo* thou
What doest thou think or when on dost you gaize
Her loue o're cum the, has one made the bow
Whoes hand o're airmyes got the conquiring praise
But O what hairt so hard or strong to keepe
But yeeld's to loue when beaurie list to weepe.

53.

And whill he floode in this amaize he seis
A simple Groom vpon a galant-horse
Who cries and sighes and weeps with watric eyes
And followes still the traine with great remorse
At him he wold enquire and run's a pace
Who in few words thus answered him Alace.

54.

Sire Knight if ere true pittie pears'd your haire
Or if the vow of knight hooce you obey
Releue my Dame and ease her wofull smaire
By cruell tyranes rest and brought away
Tak this my horse and stay my Ladyes flight
Thycc happie I if this succid a right

R.

The

The haples Prince no questione more wold craue
But taks the horse and after them he ryd's
The wicked Groome that did him so deceaue
Was not a Groome but in that shape abyds
Fals *Arebo* so full of all disceat
That sought his deathe & fall of his estate

§ 6.

For when the Prince eskeap't *Phileas* traine
Warr'd be the Angell when he fled by night
She wold haue murdered him for his disdain
But finding he had saue'd him self by flight
With *Arebo* consults for her reuenge
Who had deuys'd this traine scarce crewell strange

§ 7.

This galant Lady whom the Prince had seene
Was faire *Olinda* whom the fates ordaind
Faure crewell chaste & of all hearts the Queene
Loue bow'd to her but she all loue disdaind
Ore *Macedon* she regn'd whoes shap by aire
The wisard fram'd to worke *Penardos* smaire

§ 8.

Layssa oft requirde the Prince to stay
Till she with him the quarrel had embrac'd
But he impatient of all delay
Told herd he would returne agane in haist
Yet loue made her vnfit to follow fast
Till wandring faure she lost the way at last

And



To the Authour.

Nature and arte contending which should proue
Most fauour'd of the muses did ordaine
Old *Orphans* their Iudge who broght his loue
From *Platoes* kingdome and from hellish payne
But he excus'd him self his workes wet torne
And with, tymes rusly Canker cleane outorne,

Yet Sayd that he would wish them to ane vther
Whoes lynes could weall decyd their wrangling stryff
And soe thy braue *Penardo* did discover
Whereby asse seem'd to be bereaft of lyff
Whillt thou hir conquer our to thy greater grace
Makst arte to nature euin in arte giue place.

Then since thou'rt arts Controler, natures Chyld,
Stird vp by vertue to encrease thy fame
Leaue not *Layssa* thus from loue exyld
For saue thy self non dare attempt the same
And as thou dost in vs sweet thoughts Inspyre
Soe goe thou one and we shall still admyre.



OF PENARDO and LAISSA.

59.

And wearied with her heauye armours weyght
Dround in displeasure sorowes greifs and harmes
She traueld till the dark and dreid full nyght
In folds the worlde within her lazic airmes
Then rest's she by a fonte, bevaills her state
Her luck, her chance, her fortune, and her fate.

FINIS.

Heir ends the first book of the famous History
of PENARDO and LAISSA.



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